

PRIZE COMICS WESTERN

Big 52 pages!
DON'T TAKE LESS!

AUTHORIZED
A C M P



10¢

NOV.-DEC.

No. 78

in person

**ROBERT
STERLING**

in

"ROUGHSHOD"



also **GEO. O'BRIEN** in **"BULLET CODE"**



with these
**SMASH
VALUES**

FREE!

A PACKAGE OF KID WITH EACH MACHINE

Fun for all, kiddies and grown-ups... the fascinating and sensational novelty that really works just like a real gum machine. Just insert a penny, let'er and time in a coin-slit—poof! It's a bang! It was because the country's owners latched on to this because it's operated with a key and can really be gleaming plastic and supplied. Made up two bright colors.

\$1.98

COMPLETE

SEND NO MONEY
Rent your unit 30-days. Return with your order, and we pay postage up to cost C.O.D. plus postage.

Satisfaction Guaranteed
Return PRICES TO DEBITORS



FREE!

A PACKAGE OF KID WITH EACH MACHINE

Fun for all, kiddies and grown-ups... the fascinating and sensational novelty that really works just like a real gum machine. Just insert a penny, let'er and time in a coin-slit—poof! It's a bang! It was because the country's owners latched on to this because it's operated with a key and can really be gleaming plastic and supplied. Made up two bright colors.

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Return PRICES TO DEBITORS



WAR! WORLD WIDE SENSATION!!
MOST AMAZING
MECHANICAL TOY
CAN IN THE WORLD

MIRACLES

1. Car Speeds Up
2. Changes Direction
3. Stops and Door Opens
4. Driver Comes Out
5. Car Head Goes Up
6. Inspection-Time Over.
7. Driver Goes In Again.
8. Car Speeds Up Again

\$2.98

IMAGINE ONLY **COMPLETE**

**USE
THIS HANDY
ORDER BLANK**
SEND NO MONEY
C.O.D. you pay postage.
Remit with order.
we pay postage.

THE OTHER WAY!

Here is the sensationally new scale-model sat that captures every shade (and mammy and daddy, too) One flits copies of the magic gas level. It goes — in low, second, high — or reverse. Runs for hours. Driven by an electric motor, powered by two flashlight batteries — safe, economical — easily replaced. Over 10 inches long. Comes completely assembled with batteries, head-plastic body, latex favelat. **ASSEMBLE ORDER TODAY!**

SEND NO MONEY (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

LOW SECOND HIGH REVERSE

Imagine only

298

Complete

SHE DRINKS!
SHE WETS!
SHE SLEEPS!

Thrill your child with viraceous red-haired "RITA"—sensational 13 inch Drink and Wet Doll of squeakable rubber WONDER-SKIN—the amazing new LIFE-LIKE DOLL SKIN! Adorable red-haired "RITA" is every child's dream come true! She has sparkling blue eyes that open and close—she drinks from her bottle with rubber nipple (included)—and then wets her diaper. You can bathe her—move her cuddly arms, legs and head—make her sit, stand, walk and sleep. SEND NO MONEY (C.O.D., you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

Imagine **\$298**
Only **Complete**

- EXCITING
- ACCURATE
- SAFE
- LOADS
OF FUN

Imagine
ONLY **249**

Exciting new 10½" PUMP ACTION GUN — shoots a harmless jet of air with amazing accuracy. Knocks down cardboard targets yet can be fired point-blank with absolute safety. Sturdily made of heavy gauge aluminum with precision machined parts. A WONDERFUL Gift. Will thrill anybody from 3 to 100 years of age. RUSH your ORDER TO-DAY. SEND NO MONEY [C.O.D. you pay postage. Send with order.]

NOVELTY MART · 59 East 8th Street, Dept. PB New York 3, N.Y.

PLEASE RUSH THE FOLLOWING ITEMS CHECKED BELOW:

<input type="checkbox"/>	ELECTROCAR	2.98
<input type="checkbox"/>	MIRACLE CAR	2.98

☐ RITA 2.49 ☐ THINIC 1.98
☐ AIR RAY GUN ☐ CHEWING GUM MACHINE
☐ Send C. O. D. I'll pay postman ☐ I enclose \$ _____ you pay postage

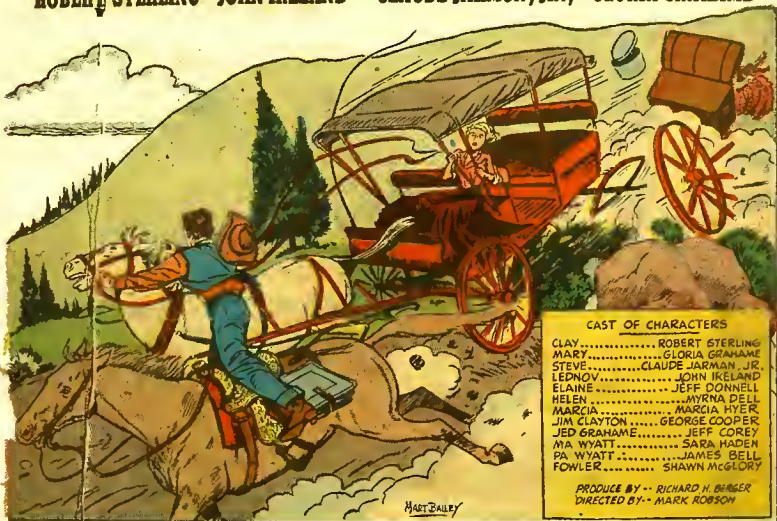
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THE STORY BEHIND THE FILMING OF RKO'S NEWEST THRILL-PACKED ROMANTIC WESTERN IS FILLED WITH AS MUCH SUSPENSE... FRAUGHT WITH AS MANY DANGERS... AS THE FILM ITSELF. HERE ARE SOME INTIMATE, AUTHENTIC GLIMPSES INTO THE STAGGERING PROBLEMS THAT PLAGUED THE COMPANY WHILE SHOOTING ON LOCATION IN THE SONORA PASS COUNTRY OF THE HIGH SIERRAS DURING THE MAKING OF...

ROUGHSHOD

an RKO Radio Picture starring

ROBERT STERLING JOHN IRELAND CLAUDE JARMON, JR., GLORIA GRAHAME



CAST OF CHARACTERS

CLAY.....ROBERT STERLING
MARY.....GLORIA GRAHAME
STEVE.....CLAUDE JARMON, JR.
LEDNOV.....JOHN IRELAND
ELAINE.....JEFF DONNELL
HELEN.....MYRNA DELL
MARCIA.....MARCIA HYER
JIM CLAYTON.....GEORGE COOPER
JED GRAHAME.....JEFF COREY
MA WYATT.....SARA HADEN
PA WYATT.....JAMES BELL
FOWLER.....SHAWN MCGLODY

PRODUCE BY -- RICHARD H. BARGER
DIRECTED BY -- MARK ROBSON

DURING THE SHOOTING OF **ROUGHSHOD**, DIRECTOR MARK ROBSON WAS CONVINCED THAT ANIMALS CAUSE MORE ULCERS AMONG DIRECTORS AND PRODUCTION CREWS THAN ANY OF THE HUNDRED OTHER THINGS THAT TORMENT THESE HARRIED MEN.

"THAT'S IT... PERFECT!" WE'RE READY TO ROLL, MR. ROBSON.

...PLENTY OF FEELING. THIS IS A TENSE, DRAMATIC SCENE. YOU'RE BOTH TORN BY EMOTION, FIGHTING DESPERATELY TO CONTROL THE URGINGS OF YOUR SOULS. GIVE IT EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT.

ROBERT STERLING AND GLORIA GRAHAME WERE **TEDDIFIC**. DIRECTOR ROBSON SMILED APPROVINGLY AS THE SEQUENCE DEVELOPED. THEN IT HAPPENED....

"IF IT'S PRETTY SPEECHES YOU WANT, YOU WON'T GET THEM.

SAVE 'EM FOR THE GIRL IN GINGHAM. JUST TELL ME I'M NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU. GO ON, SAY A WOMAN LIKE ME CAN'T CHANGE....

CUT... CUT... THE WHOLE SCENE'S RUNNER. WHO FIRED THAT SHOT?

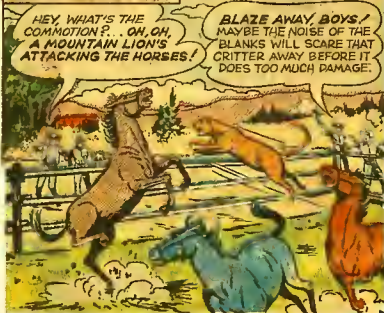
NOBODY, AN AUTO-MOBILE BACKFIRED AND, HEY, IT SCARED THE HORSES!

BANG

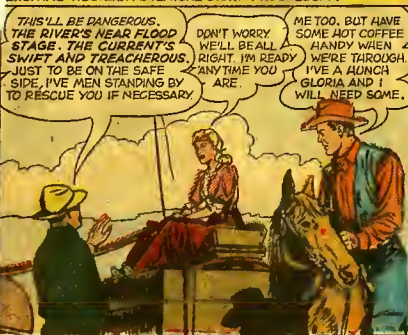
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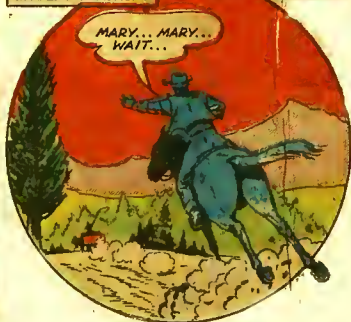
BUT THE COMPANY'S TROUBLES WITH ANIMALS WEREN'T OVER WHEN THE STAMPEDE WAS BROUGHT UNDER CONTROL. FOR SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

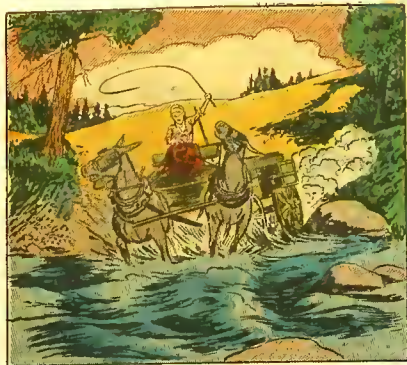


IN SPITE OF THE UNFORTUNATE MISHAPS, PRODUCTION ON THE EXCITING WESTERN ADVENTURE STORY PROGRESSED.

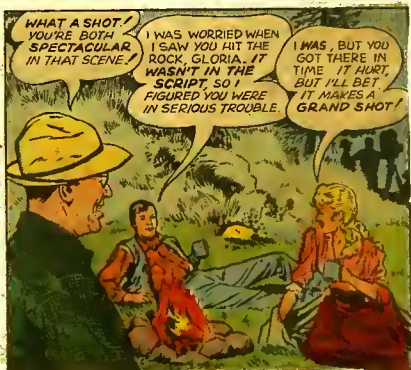
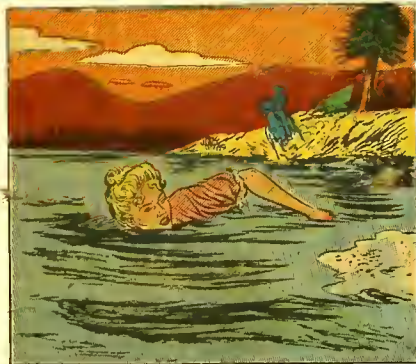


THE STARS TOOK THEIR PLACES, WAITED FOR THE SIGNAL, AND AS THE CAMERAS BEGAN TO GRIND, LEAPED INTO ACTION.





BUT THE FRAIL YOUNG WOMAN WAS NO MATCH FOR THE ANGRY SWOLLEN TORRENTS WHICH SWEEPED THE WAGON PRECARIOUSLY DOWNSTREAM UNTIL . . .



WHAT A SHOT!
YOU'RE BOTH
SPECTACULAR
IN THAT SCENE!

I WAS WORRIED WHEN
I SAW YOU HIT THE
ROCK, GLORIA. IT
WASN'T IN THE
SCRIPT, SO I
FIGURED YOU WERE
IN SERIOUS TROUBLE.

I WAS, BUT YOU
GOT THERE IN
TIME. IT HURT,
BUT I'LL BET
IT MAKES A
GRAND SHOT!

PRODUCTION MOVED AHEAD SMOOTHLY FOR SEVERAL DAYS BEFORE THE UNPREDICTABLE DEALT THE COMPANY ANOTHER PARALYZING BLOW.

EVERYTHING HERE IS SECURE? WHAT'S HAPPENING OVER THERE?

WE'RE TAKING A ROUGH BEATING. THE SETS WE FIXED FOR TOMORROW ARE RUINED. EVERYTHING THAT WASN'T TIED DOWN IS SCATTERED ALL OVER THE MOUNTAIN. ON TOP OF ALL THAT, IT'S STARTING TO RAIN.



HEY, CHIEF, WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW! A FLASH FLOOD'S HIT THE RIVER. SHE'S RISING FAST. WE'LL BE UNDER WATER HERE WITHIN THREE MINUTES!

GET THE HORSES TO HIGHER GROUND. WE'LL LOOK AFTER THINGS HERE AND SAVE AS MUCH OF THE EQUIPMENT AS WE CAN.



HEAD FOR THE KNOLL BEHIND CAMP. YOU'LL BE SAFE THERE FROM THE FLOOD

HEY, JOE, LET'S SET UP A CAMERA AND GET SOME SHOTS OF THIS.



THE STORM WAS SHORT, BUT FURIOUS. WHEN THE RAGING WATERS OF THE SWOLLEN RIVER SUBSIDED, DIRECTOR ROBSON AND PRODUCER RICHARD H. BERGER RUEFULLY SURVEYED THE DAMAGED REMNANTS OF THE LOCATION.

IT'S AN AWFUL MESS, DICK. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

IT'S HOPELESS. WE'D NEVER GET THIS LOCATION BACK IN SHAPE. WE'LL HAVE TO PULL STAKES AND FIND ANOTHER SPOT FARTHER BACK IN THE MOUNTAINS TO FINISH THE PICTURE.

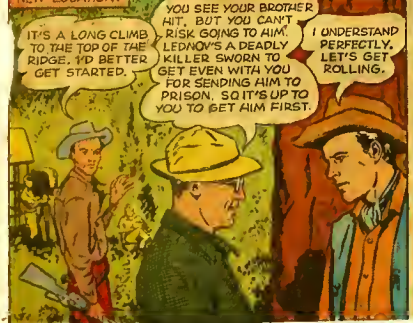


THE STARS FORGOT THEIR HARROWING EXPERIENCES DURING THE LONG DAYS OF HARD WORK THAT FOLLOWED AT THE NEW LOCATION.

IT'S A LONG CLIMB TO THE TOP OF THE RIDGE. I'D BETTER GET STARTED.

YOU SEE YOUR BROTHER HIT, BUT YOU CAN'T RISK GOING TO HIM. LEDNOV'S A DEADLY KILLER SWORN TO GET EVEN WITH YOU FOR SENDING HIM TO PRISON. SO IT'S UP TO YOU TO GET HIM FIRST.

I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY. LET'S GET ROLLING.



EVERYONE SET. READY. ACTION. CAMERA!

BANG!



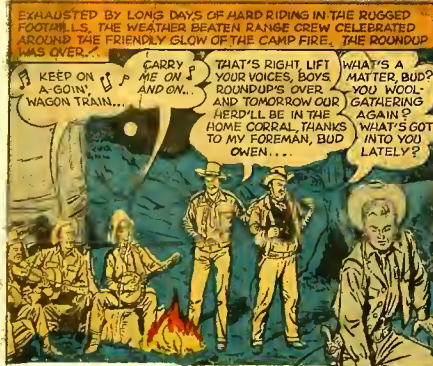
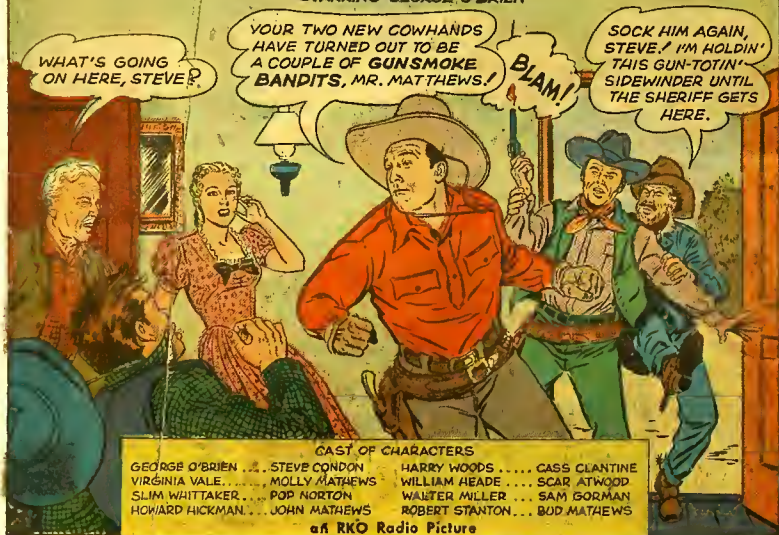


THE ENTIRE COMPANY PITCHED IN FOR THE NEXT 24 HOURS AND HELPED BRING THE RAGING FOREST FIRE UNDER CONTROL. BATTERED, BRUISED, AND SCORCHED, THEY RETURNED TO THE SET AND FINISHED WHAT CRITICS HAIL AS ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING WESTERN FILMS OF THE YEAR.

ERRONEOUSLY THINKING HE HAD KILLED HIS OWN FOREMAN IN A GUN BATTLE WITH RUSTLERS, STEVE CONDON AND HIS SADDLE PAL, POP NORTON, HIT THE TRAIL TO BREAK THE SAD NEWS TO THE FOREMAN'S FATHER, BUT STUMBLE UPON A DASTARDLY PLOT TO STEAL THE FATHER'S RANCH BY THE SAME BANDITS WHO TRIED TO BREAK THE...

BULLET CODE

BASED ON RKO'S PRODUCTION
STARRING GEORGE O'BRIEN



SOMETHING WAS PRYING ON BUD'S MIND. HE TURNED IN EARLY, FEIGNING SLEEP UNTIL THE LAST MAN SETTLED DOWN.

STEVE CONDON'S MIGHTY GOOD TO ME. I HATE TO DOUBLE CROSS HIM LIKE THIS. I WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY OUT FOR ME.

STEALING OUT OF CAMP, THE FOREMAN MADE HIS WAY CAUTIOUSLY TO A SECLUDED SPOT IN THE WOODS NEARBY.

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF KEEPIN' US WAITIN', BUD?

I CAME AS SOON AS I COULD. THEY WERE A LONG TIME SETTLEING DOWN. THE BEST PLACE TO SURPRISE THEM TOMORROW SHOULD BE AT GREEN MEADOW CROSSING, FIVE MILES FROM HERE.

HOW MANY OF THEM ARE THEY? AND HAVE THEY SET A GUARD AT CAMP?

THEY'RE FOUR IN THE CAMP AND TWO ON THE HERD. BUT THEY'RE NOT LOOKING FOR ANY TROUBLE AND I THOUGHT...

OH, SLEEPIN' NICE AND PEACEFUL. HUH? WELL, A COUPLE OF BULLETS WILL KEEP 'EM SLEEPING FROM NOW ON. LEAD THE WAY, BUD.

I WON'T DO IT, CASS. IT'S COLD BLOODED MURDER.

LISTEN TO HIM, CASS. TRYIN' TO GO REFORMIN' ON US. WELL, THE SHERIFF AT DEEP SPRINGS'LL BE GLAD TO PAY US THAT REWARD HE'S OFFERED FOR BUD MATTHEWS!

OKAY, I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THEY ARE.

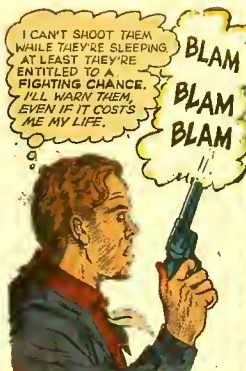
NOW YORE TALKIN' SENSE, YOUNG FELLER. AND YOU'D BETTER NOT TRY ANY TRICKS, OR YOU WON'T LIVE TO SEE YOUR FOLKS AGAIN!

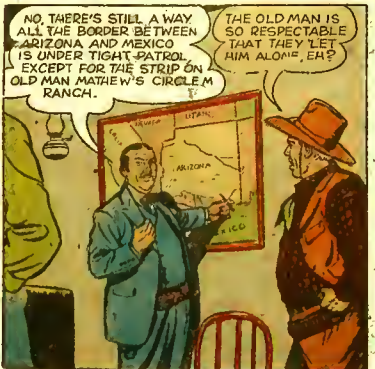
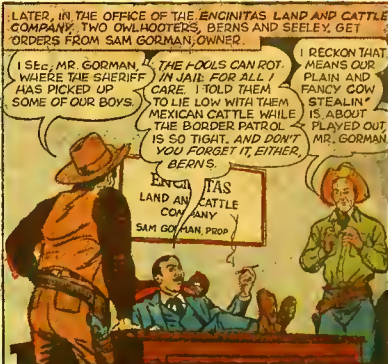
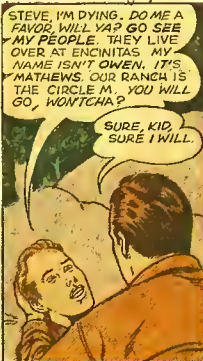
OKAY, WE'LL MAKE LESS NOISE NOW ON FOOT. LEAD THE WAY, BUD.

BETTER LET ME RECONNOITER - WE'RE GETTING CLOSE NOW.

KEEP YORE EYE ON THAT WRANGLER, SCAR, SOMEHOW, HE'S ACTIN' QUEER.

YEAH, HE'S GOT A FUNNY LOOK IN HIS EYES..





MEANWHILE, STEVE AND POP NEAR THE TOWN OF ENCINITAS

HOW ABOUT GIVING THAT HARMONICA OF YOURS A REST, POP?

WELL, I DON'T LIKE IT. YOU BEEN MOPIN' AROUND FOR TWO WEEKS WORRYIN' ABOUT BUD, AND NOW YOU UP AND LEFT THE BEST RANCH IN THE COUNTRY TO COME DOWN HERE WHERE NOBODY EVER HEARD OF YOU



YOU MEAN YOU GOIN' TO WALK RIGHT UP TO TOTAL STRANGERS AND TELL 'EM YOU SHOT THEIR BOY?

I PROMISED BUD I'D GO TO SEE HIS FOLKS, DIDN'T I?... I DON'T KNOW WHEN OR WHAT I'M GOING TO TELL THEM. ... LOOK, POP, WE'RE COMING INTO TOWN.



LOOK AT THIS POP

NOW STEVE DON'T TELL ME WE'RE HUNTING WORK THE FIRST THING.

YOU MEN MUST BE STRANGERS HERE OR YOU WOULDN'T WANT A JOB THERE

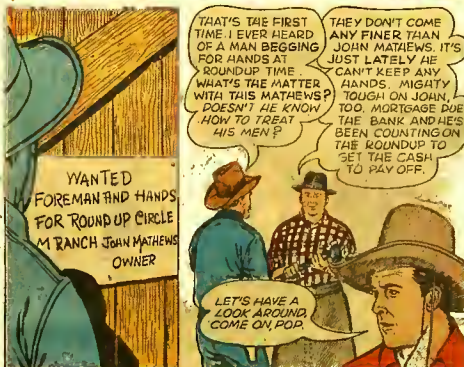


WANTED
FOREMAN AND HANDS
FOR ROUND UP CIRCLE
M RANCH JOHN MATHEWS
OWNER

THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I EVER HEARD OF A MAN BEGGING FOR HANDS AT ROUNDUP TIME. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS MATHEWS? DOESN'T HE KNOW HOW TO TREAT HIS MEN?

THEY DON'T COME ANY FINER THAN JOHN MATHEWS. IT'S JUST LATELY HE CAN'T KEEP ANY HANDS. MIGHTY TOUGH ON JOHN, TOO. MORTGAGE DUE THE BANK AND HE'S BEEN COUNTING ON THE ROUNDUP TO SET THE CASH TO PAY OFF.

LET'S HAVE A LOOK AROUND, COME ON POP.



LOOK, POP THERE'S A CIRCLE M ON THAT BUGGY. THAT MUST BE OLD MAN MATHEWS AND HIS DAUGHTER. I'M GOING TO BRACE THEM FOR A JOB.

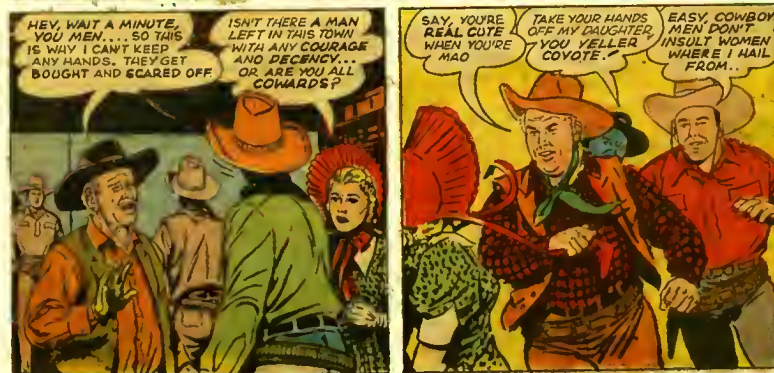
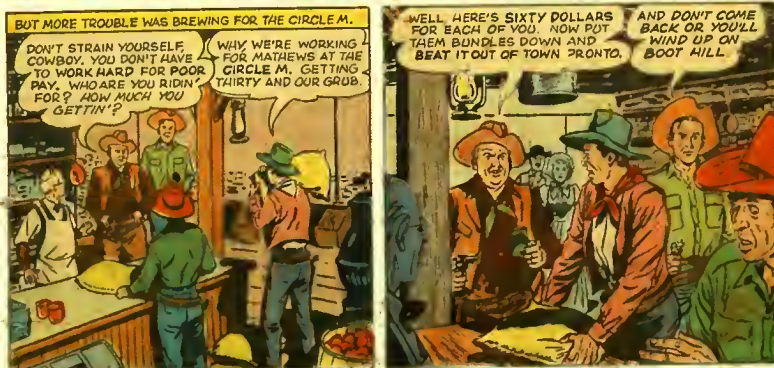
NOW, STEVE, DON'T BE TOO HASTY!

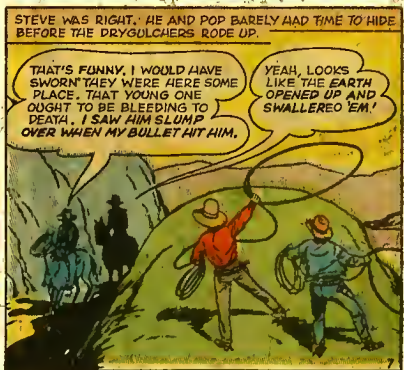
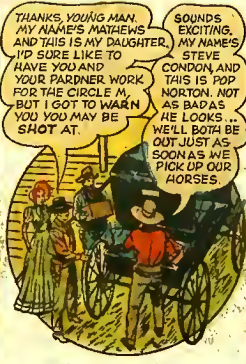
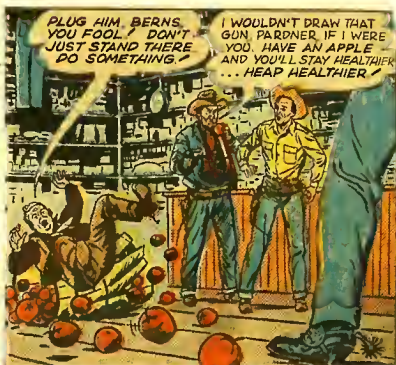


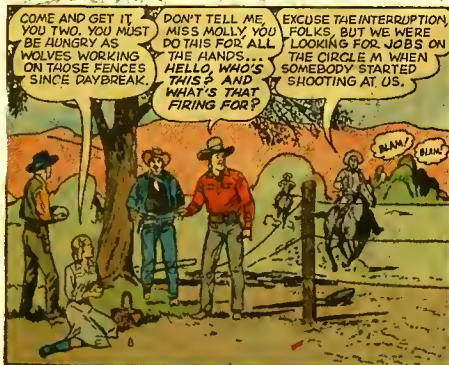
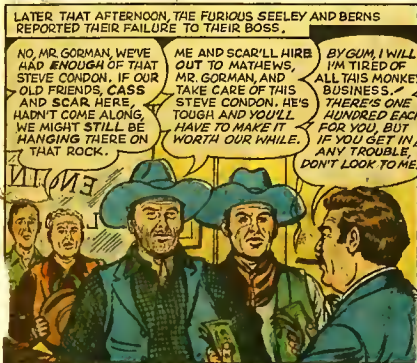
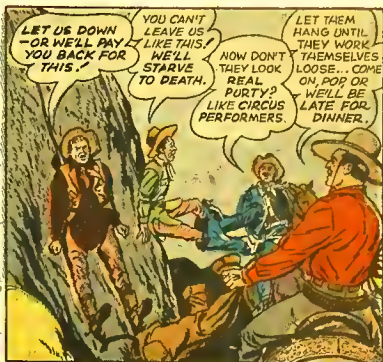
HELLO SAM, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH YOU SOON AS I CAN

HELLO JOHN, GLAD TO SEE YOU... MISS MOLLY ... WHY JOHN, I'M ALWAYS GLAD TO TALK TO YOU. I'LL BE RIGHT IN MY OFFICE.









NEXT DAY, STEVE DISCOVERS A DEAD STEER WITH A FOREIGN BRAND NEAR THE MEXICAN BORDER OF THE CIRCLE M RANCH...

LOOK, MR. MATHEWS, A HERD WAS DRIVEN THROUGH HERE LAST NIGHT. YOU SAY GORMAN HAS BEEN TRYING TO GET YOU TO SELL THIS LAND. IT LOOKS SUSPICIOUS TO ME. POP AND I HAVE TO GO TO TOWN FOR MORE WIRE AND WE'LL CHECK ON GORMAN.

COULD BE SMUGGLING THE M CATTLE IN FROM MEXICO, YOU KNOW. YORE LAND IS THE ONLY STRIP AIN'T UNDER TIGHT PATROL.



IT'S HARD FOR ME TO BELIEVE THAT SAM GORMAN WOULD DO A THING LIKE THAT, BUT STILL IT COULD BE.

YOU KEEP WORKING ON THE FENCE, SCAR, WHILST I TAKE A SHORT CUT TO TOWN AND WARN GORMAN. SCARE HIM INTO GIVING US ANOTHER HUNDRED OR SO... SAY THAT MOLLY'S A PRETTY LITTLE HEIFER, AIN'T SAE?



WELL, HURRY BACK. I AIN'T WORKING LONG, AND DON'T FORGET WANT MY FIFTY-FIFTY SPLIT AS SOON AS YOU GET THE DOUGH, AND FORGET ABOUT THE GIRL.

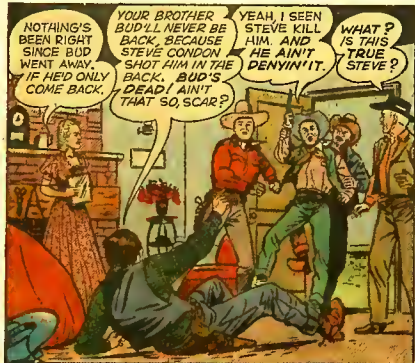
ON THE WAY TO TOWN, CASS STOPPED AT THE RANCH HOUSE, WHERE HE FOUND MOLLY ALONE.



OH, YOU—YOU VARMINT, HELP!

I BET YOU WOULDN'T MIND IF THAT GIRL, I'D BEEN STEVE'S CLANTINE. I THOUGHT I GAVE YOU ORDERS TO FIX THAT FENCE.

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF THAT GIRL, CASS CLANTINE.



NOTHING'S BEEN RIGHT SINCE BUD WENT AWAY. IF HE'D ONLY COME BACK.

YOUR BROTHER BUD'LL NEVER BE BACK, BECAUSE STEVE CONDON SHOT HIM IN THE BACK. BUD'S DEAD! AIN'T THAT SO, SCAR?

YEAH, I SEEN STEVE KILL HIM, AND HE AIN'T DENYIN' IT.

WHAT? IS THIS TRUE STEVE?

YES, BUT... SAYING THAT I'M SORRY OR THAT IT WAS AN ACCIDENT WON'T BRING BUD BACK, I KNOW, BUT I'VE REALLY TRIED TO HELP DO THE THINGS THAT BUD MIGHT HAVE DONE AND—

BEFORE WE'D TAKE ANY HELP FROM BUD'S MURDERER, WE'D RATHER LOSE EVERYTHING WE OWN. GET OFF THIS RANCH, PLEASE, BOTH OF YOU. GO, GO.

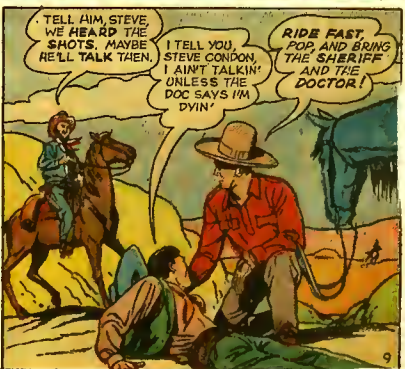


THE RENEGADES HEADED FOR TOWN, BUT BEFORE LONG THEY BEGAN QUARRELING.



NOW SEE HERE, CASS, QUIT STALLING. IF YOU DON'T LET ME GO INTO TOWN WITH YOU AND GIVE ME THE BALANCE YOU OWE ME, I'LL LET MATHEWS KNOW IT WAS YOU THAT KILLED BUD AND NOT STEVE.

WHAT YOU SO WORRIED ABOUT, SCAR? YOU'RE GOIN' TO GET ALL THAT'S COMIN' TO YOU, AND HERE IT IS RIGHT NOW. HA, HA!



TELL HIM, STEVE, WE HEARD THE SHOTS, MAYBE HE'LL TALK THEN.

I TELL YOU, STEVE CONDON, I AIN'T TALKIN' UNLESS THE DOC SAYS I'M DYIN'.

RIDE FAST, POP, AND BRING THE SHERIFF AND THE DOCTOR!

THE RUTHLESS GUNSLICK RODE HARD UNTIL HE REACHED TOWN.

JUST CAUGHT YOU IN TIME, MR. GORMAN. THAT STEVE CONDON TOLD MATTHEWS THAT YOU WERE MIXED UP IN THIS SMUGGLING. MATTHEWS ALSO JUST LEARNED THAT BUD IS DEAD. NOW IS THE TIME TO MOVE IN ON HIM.

I'VE JUST COME TO THE SAME DECISION. GOT A DEED RIGHT HERE IN MY POCKET FOR HIM TO SIGN. LET'S GO.

CAREFULLY AVOIDING THE ROAD ON WHICH HE HAD SHOT SCAR, CASS DETOURS GORMAN TO THE CIRCLE M...

WHY HELLO SAM, WHAT BRINGS YOU OUT HERE?

HELLO JOHN, I'VE COME TO BUY YOUR RANCH. I'LL PAY YOU \$5000 CASH. YOU'D BETTER TAKE IT OR ME AND MY MEN WILL TAKE IT AWAY FROM YOU.

WITH BUD DEAD I RECKON THERE AIN'T ANYTHING ELSE FOR ME TO DO BUT TO SIGN, MOLLY.

MR. GORMAN'S GOT NO RIGHT TO BARGE IN HERE LIKE THIS. WE NEED A LITTLE TIME TO THINK AND TALK IT OVER. PRIVATE.

I'LL LEAVE THE ROOM FOR TEN MINUTES. JUST TEN MINUTES!

SCAR, YOU AIN'T GOT LONG TO LIVE. IF YOU'VE GOT ANYTHING TO CONFESS, YOU'D BETTER TELL THE SHERIFF PRONTO.

OKAY, DOC... GORMAN HIRED CASS AND ME TO GET RID OF STEVE CONDON SO HE COULD GET MATTHEWS' RANCH. IT WASN'T STEVE THAT SHOT BUD IN THE BACK. IT WAS CASS WHO DONE IT!

WELL, THAT DOES IT. LET'S SPRING OUR TRAP. BOYS JUST LIKE STEVE SAID. CLEAR OUT QUICK. GORMAN'S COMING BACK.

OH, STEVE, I'M SO ASHAMED THAT I EVER SUSPECTED YOU. PLEASE FORGIVE ME.

TIME'S UP MATTHEWS. YOU JUST LOST FIVE THOUSAND BY MAKING ME WAIT. I'M TAKING OVER WITHOUT PAYING YOU A REP CENT.

YOU'RE GOING TO BE DISAPPOINTED GORMAN. THERE'S BEEN A SLIGHT CHANGE OF PLANS.

CASS, IT'S CONDON. GET HIM... OOPPHHFF...

IT'S TOO LATE, GORMAN. YOU MANGY COYOTES ARE THROUGH!

SURE, BUT... OOFFF...

YOU HAD ME FOOLED, SAM GORMAN. BUT STEVE CONDON SHOWED YOU UP FOR THE DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSING CROOK YOU REALLY ARE. THE LAW KNOWS HOW TO DEAL WITH THE LIKES OF YOU.

HERE ARE YOUR PRISONERS SHERIFF. TAKE 'EM AWAY.

WHAT A MAN!

HE'S A MAN AND A HALF. MISS MOLLY!

THE END

A TEEN-AGE RIOT!

LAUGHS! A MILLION OF 'EM!

ENTERTAINMENT THAT'S TOPS
IN COMICS!

RIOTOUS, ROLICKING RUG
CUTTERS AT PLAY!

OOZING WITH TEEN-AGE ROMANCE!

YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH---

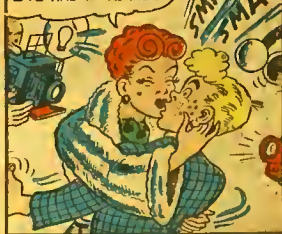
LERROY COMICS!

NOW ON SALE!

**AT YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND**

**52 PAGES OF REAL
ENTERTAINMENT!**

AND AS FOR YOU,
LEROY--THANKS FOR
THE SWELEST TIME
I'VE HAD IN YEARS!



THE TEXAS PANHANDLE SEETHED WITH HATRED AND VIOLENCE, WHEN THE POWERFUL CATTLE BARONS VOWED TO DESTROY THE SMALL RANCHERS AND DRIVE THEM OFF THE RANGE. THE SMALL SPREADS FACED EXTINCTION UNTIL DUSTY BALLEW AND HIS SIDEKICK, GUMPTION JONES, SWUNG INTO ACTION AND FORCED THE

SHOWDOWN on the CHISHOLM TRAIL

HELP! DUSTY!
I'M TRAPPED! THEY'VE
STAMPED THE HERD!

I'D RATHER BE
GROUND TO PIECES
BY THEM STEERS
THAN MISS THIS
THROW!



THE RANGELAND WANDERERS, DUSTY BALLEW AND HIS SIDE-KICK, GUMPTION JONES, FIND THEMSELVES IN THE PANHANDLE OF TEXAS...

TEXAS! BY THE GREAT HORNED SPOON, PARDNER... I REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I WAS HERE... WHY SINGLE HANDED... I CLEANED UP...

YOU TOLD ME THAT ONE, GUMPTION! SAY DO YOU NOTICE SOMETHIN' FUNNY?



NO, CAN'T SAY THAT I DO!

WE'VE BEEN RIDIN' FOR A LOT OF MILES, AN' PASSED SMALL RANCHES... STILL WE DIDN'T SEE ANY CATTLE, AND THIS IS COW COUNTRY, TOO!



AS THE RIDERS PUSHED THEIR WAY DEEPER INTO THE PANKHANDLE...

YOU TWO! GIT YOUR HANDS UP... AN' OISMOUNT!

CON'T TRY NOTHIN' FUNNY, EITHER... 'CAUSE THERE'S A HALF A DOZEN OTHER GUNS COVERIN' YOU!



WHO ARE YOU... AN' WHY ARE YOU SNOOPIN' AROUND THESE PARTS?

I'M DUSTY BALLEW, AN' THIS IS GUMPTION JONES... WE'RE RIDIN' THROUGH!

THAT'S RIGHT! HOW COME YOU BOYS PUT THE IRONS ON US?



MEBBE YOU'RE TELLIN' THE TRUTH! MEBBE NOT! CMON, GET OFF YOUR HOSSES! WE'RE TAKIN' YOU TO HIDDEN VALLEY! MATT BRANNOON'LL OO THE TALKIN' FOR US!

THE RANGE RIDERS WERE LEO THROUGH A MAZE OF ROCKY TRAILS TO A SMALL HIDDEN CABIN...



MATT, HERE'S A COUPLA HOMBRES WE CAUGHT!

OKAY, JAMISON, PUT UP YORE IRONS, I'LL TALK TO 'EM! THEY LOOK LIKE SENSIBLE MEN!

WE'O LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! I'M DUSTY BALLEW, ANO THIS IS GUMPTION JONES!

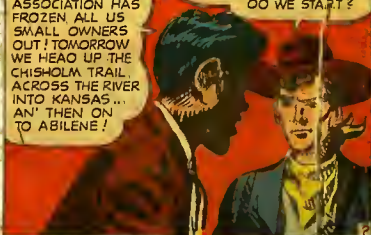
OUSTY BALLEW AN' GUMPTION JONES! WE'RE IN LUCK! COULDN'T ASK FOR ANYTHING BETTER! WHEN YOU HEAR MY STORY, I KNOW YOU'LL JOIN FORCES WITH US!

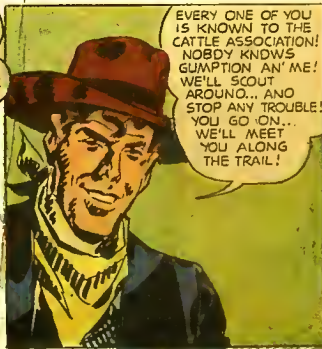
ME AN' GUMPTION ARE ALWAYS READY TO PITCH IN ON THE SIDE OF JUSTICE!



MEBBE YOU NOTICED THAT THERE'S NO CATTLE AROUND! WE HAVE IT HERE, IN HIDDEN VALLEY! WE'RE GOIN' TO MAKE A COMBINED DRIVE FOR THE RAILROAD! YOU SEE, THE CATTLE ASSOCIATION HAS FROZEN ALL US SMALL OWNERS OUT! TOMORROW WE HEAO UP THE CHISHOLM TRAIL, ACROSS THE RIVER INTO KANSAS... AN' THEN ON TO ABILENE!

I GET IT! THEY WON'T LET YOU USE THE REGULAR TRAILS... ALONE YOU'RE TOO SMALL, TOGETHER YOU CAN. BUCK 'EM, WELL, YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF TWO NEW HANDS! WHEN OO WE START?

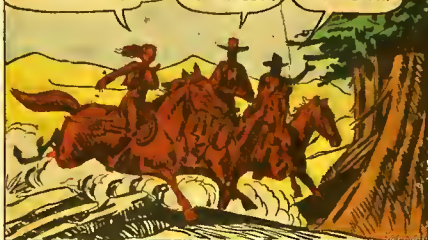




YOU SEE, MIKE SAUNDERS, HEAD OF THE CATTLE ASSOCIATION, WANTS TO STOP THIS DRIVE AT ALL COSTS, BECAUSE IF OUR MEN GET THROUGH TO THE RAILROAD IN ABILENE, HIS MONOPOLY IS BROKEN!

I GET IT! IT NEVER FAILS TO AMAZE ME WHAT MEN WILL DO BECAUSE OF GREED!

YEP! ONCE I SAW A MAN JEST EAT HIMSELF TO DEATH, HE WAS THAT GREEKY... WANTED EVERYTHING FOR HIMSELF...



WHERE WERE THE GUN SLINGERS, MRS. BRANCOON?

HEADIN' FOR THE NOLAN PLACE, WE'LL TAKE THE SHORTCUT THROUGH THE GULCH!

DOG-GONE! DON'T ANYONE WANT TO HEAR ME OUT?



GALLOPING AT TOP SPEED, THEY REACH THE NOLAN RANCH...

LOOK! THEY'RE HERE! THAT'S MAY NOLAN AND HER CHILDREN!

THE DIRTY BULLIES! C'MON, GUMPTION! WE'VE A LITTLE WORK AHEAD OF US!

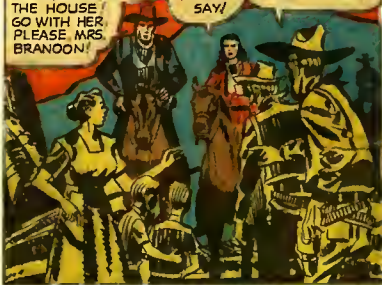
JUST WHAT I WAS THINKIN'... I NEEEO A GOOD WORK-OUT!



DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, MRS. NOLAN! WE'RE FRIENDS! TAKE YOUR CHILDREN INTO THE HOUSE! GO WITH HER, PLEASE, MRS. BRANCOON!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MAY OO AS THEY SAY!

HOLO ON NOW! I'LL DROP THE FIRST PERSON THAT MOVES!



WITH A DRAW AS FAST AS A BULLET, DUSTY WHIPS OUT HIS SIX-GUN...



MISTER, YOU AND YOUR FRIEND ARE LEAVING THIS PROPERTY FOR GOOD! IF YOU EVER COME BACK, YOU'RE GOING TO BE CARRIED OFF! NOW GIT!



WHEN YOU COYOTES SEE YOUR BOSS, TELL HIM THAT DUSTY BALLEW'S RIDING WITH THE SMALL RANCHERS! WE'LL GIT THE CATTLE THROUGH TO ABILENE TOWN, OESPIE ANYTHIN' MIKE SAUNDERS CAN DO!

LOOK AT 'EM RUN, DUSTY! THAT WAS MIGHTY FINE SHOOTIN'.. AIN'T SEEN A DRAW LIKE THAT SINCE I WATCHED BILL CODY BACK ON THE BORDER...



LATER... IN MRS. NOLAN'S RANCH HOUSE...

MRS. BRANDON... HOW MANY RANCHERS ARE THERE IN THE DRIVE?

SIX... THEY ALL LIVE HERE IN THE VALLEY!



ALL RIGHT THEN... YOU RIDE OUT AND ROUND UP ALL THE WOMEN! BRING THEM AND THEIR CHILDREN HERE! GET WHATEVER ARMS ARE AVAILABLE! YOU CAN MAKE A FORTRESS OF THIS RANCH!

THAT'S A GRAND IDEA, DUSTY! IF WE'RE ALL TOGETHER, SAUNDERS WILL HAVE A FULL-SCALE BATTLE ON HIS HANDS IF HE INTENDS TO HARM ANY OF US! I'LL DO THAT NOW!



DUSTY AND GUMPTION STUCK CLOSE BY UNTIL THE RANCHERS' FAMILIES WERE BANDED TOGETHER...

EVERYONE IS ACCOUNTED FOR, DUSTY!

GOOD! GUMPTION AND I WILL JOIN THE DRIVE, NOW! TAKE CARE OF YOURSELVES AND KEEP A SHARP EYE OUT! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT A SNAKE LIKE SAUNDERS MIGHT TRY!



SAUNDERS' VANQUISHED HENCHMEN LOST LITTLE TIME REPORTING THEIR SETBACK TO THEIR BOSS...

AND THAT'S HOW IT WAS MIKE! THIS BALLEW FELLER IS POISON!

I'VE HEARD ABOUT HIM, HE'S DYNAMITE... BUT I AIN'T NEVER SEEN ANY MAN WHO COULDN'T BE PUT AWAY! NOW LET'S SEE... HOW WILL WE HANDLE THIS?



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

SO THAT'S THEIR GAME, EH? THEY'RE GOIN' TO USE THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL! WE'LL SPIKE THAT STUNT... PRONTO!

MIKE! MIKE! THEY'VE STARTED THE DRIVE... BIGGEST HERD OF CATTLE I EVER SEEN! THEY'RE HEADIN' NORTH... TOWARD TWIN PINES!



WHEN THEY GET THROUGH TWIN PINES, THEY HIT OPEN COUNTRY! IT'S IDEAL COUNTRY FOR A STAMPEDE... GET IT? THERE'S MAYBE TEN THOUSAND HEAD OF CATTLE IN THIS DRIVE... AND THAT WILL MAKE AN AWFUL BIG STAMPEDE!



SPURRING THEIR HORSES ON, DUSTY AND GUMPTION FOLLOW THE TRAIL TO THE CATTLE DRIVE...

YES SIR, DUSTY... YOU DID A SMART THING BACK THERE! THEM WOMEN ARE PLENTY SAFE... WHY AN ANGRY WOMAN'S WORSE THAN A HORNET WHEN SHE GET'S STARTED... I...

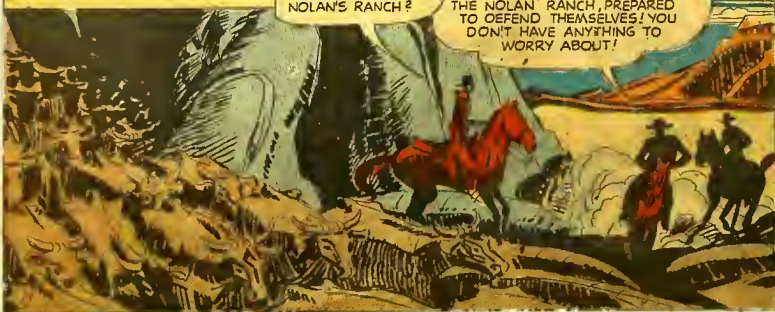
BETTER SAVE ALL THAT PHILOSOPHY, GUMPTION! WE'RE COMIN' CLOSE TO THE DRIVE! I CAN SEE THE DUST UP AHEAD!



SOON THE TWO RIDERS REACH THE MAIN BODY OF THE DRIVE...

HELLO BOYS, WHAT HAPPENED BACK AT NOLAN'S RANCH?

WE SENT MIKE SAUNDERS' MEN PACKIN'! ALL THE WOMEN ARE AT THE NOLAN RANCH, PREPARED TO OFFEND THEMSELVES! YOU DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!



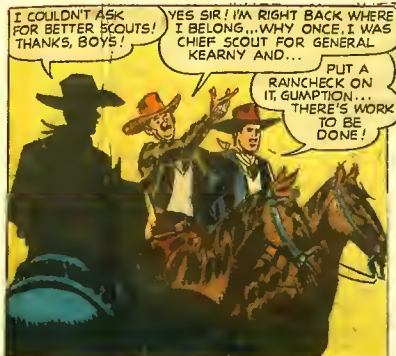
MEBBE SO! MEBBE NOT! BUT BY NOW, SAUNDERS KNOWS ALL ABOUT THE DRIVE... AND I DON'T THINK HE'LL TAKE THIS LYIN' DOWN! THERE'S TOO MUCH AT STAKE!



THIS AIN'T THE FIRST DRIVE I'VE BEEN ON, MATT! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A STAMPEDE! THAT COULD BE SAUNDERS' PLAN!

YOU'RE RIGHT, GUMPTION! I TELL YOU WHAT, MATT... ME AN' GUMPTION WILL RIDE SCOUT FOR YOU! HOW'S THAT?

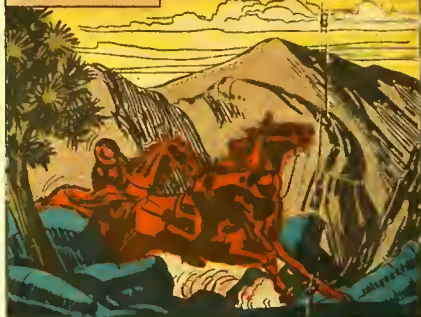




SHARP CRACK OF THE RIFLE BREAKS THE SILENCE TWICE...



AND BOTH OUSTY AND GUMPTION FALL LIMPLY FROM THEIR SADDLES...



THERE, I TOLD YAH! NOT BAD SHOOTIN', EH?

TERRIFIC, MIKE! TERRIFIC!



BUT MIKE WOULD HAVE CHANGED HIS TONE IF HE KNEW THE TRUTH...

SURE, I'M ALL RIGHT... HE NEVER TOUCHED ME! JEST THOUGHT I'O PULL THE OLO TRICK OF PLAYIN' POSSUM... SAME AS YOU!

LET 'EM COME UP CLOSE BEFORE WE SHOW 'EM THAT HERE'S TWO MEN WITH PLENTY OF STING LEFT!



HOLD IT, GUMPTION! WHEN I GET UP... YOU FOLLOW AN' COME UP SHOOTIN'!

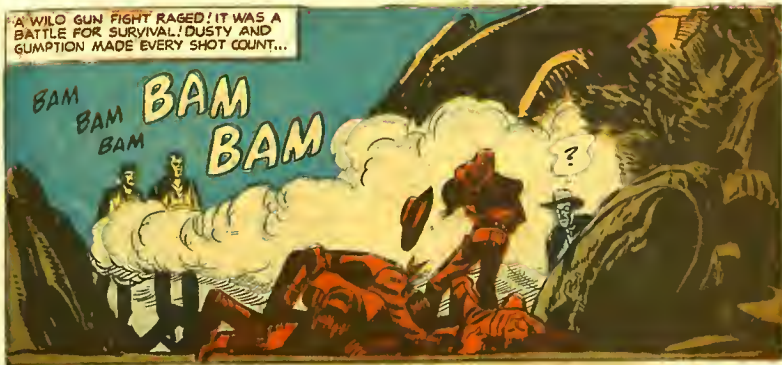
DON'T WORRY, MY TRIGGER FINGER'S ITCHIN' LIKE CRAZY!



NOW! GUMPTION! NOW!



A WILD GUN FIGHT RAGED! IT WAS A BATTLE FOR SURVIVAL! DUSTY AND GUMPTION MADE EVERY SHOT COUNT...



THE BATTLE ENDED AS SUDDENLY AS IT BEGAN! THE BLAZING GUNS OF THE TWO RANGELAND PARDS WRECKED MIKE 'SAUNDERS' GANG.. SAUNDERS ALONE WAS LEFT TO FACE THE MEN HE AMBUSHED...

I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE! THESE MEN ARE CRAZY! I NEVER SAW SUCH SHOOTIN'!



I'M GOING AFTER SAUNDERS! RIDE BACK AND WARN MATT!

OKAY, DUSTY! GOOD LUCK!



SWIFTLY, DUSTY'S HORSE CLOSES THE DISTANCE BETWEEN HIM AND THE FLEEING MAN...

CONSNERN IT! MY IRON'S EMPTY!

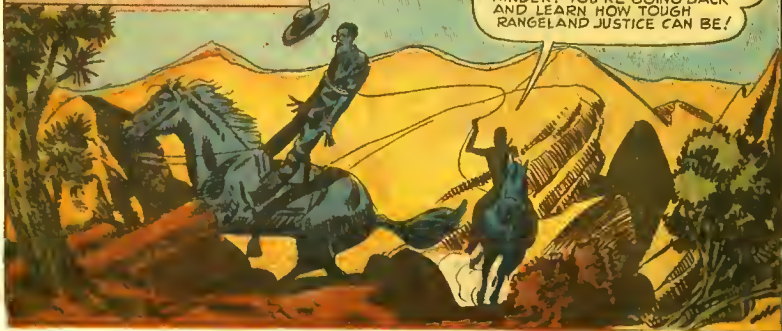


BUT THAT AIN'T THE ONLY WAY TO GET A BUZZARD!



THE LARIAT SNARES OUT, SETTLING
OVER SAUNDERS' SHOULDERS.

THE TRAIL ENDS HERE, YOU SIDE
WINDER! YOU'RE GOING BACK
AND LEARN HOW TOUGH
RANGELAND JUSTICE CAN BE!



WELL, LOOKS LIKE
YOU GOT YOURSELF
A PRIZE. IT'S
MIKE SAUNDERS,
ALL RIGHT!

YEAH! I RECKON YOU'D
LIKE TO STRING HIM UP
THE NEAREST TREE, BUT
I DON'T WORK THAT WAY.
WE'LL LET THE LAW DEAL
WITH HIM!



ME AN' GUMPTION'LL TAKE
HIM BACK TO THE MARSHAL.
YOU DON'T NEED US ANY
MORE, YOU'LL MAKE
ABILENE ALL RIGHT,
NOW!



I DON'T KNOW HOW
TO THANK YOU, WE'D
HAVE LOST EVERYTHING
IF YOU WADDIES
HADN'T SHOWN
UP WHEN YOU
DID!



AND SO,
AS THE
MIGHTY
HERD
THUNDERS
ON
TOWARD
ABILENE,
DUSTY AND
GUMPTION
TURN THEIR
FACES
TO THE
SETTING
SUN AND
AND RIDE
ON TO
MORE
ADVEN-
TURES IN
THE GREAT
FRONTIERS
OF THE
OLD WEST!



HAVE A SLIMMER YOUTHFUL FEMININE APPEARANCE INSTANTLY!

REDUCE

**Your Appearance!
Look and Feel Like
Sixteen Again!**

No other girdle or supporter belt has more hold-in power! The Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt is the newest, most comfortable girdle I ever had.



Don't look old before your time. Do as thousands of others do, wear a comfortable new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT! The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT, with the amazing new adjustable front panel, controls your figure the way you want it, with added support where you need it most. Simply adjust the laces and PRESTO your mid section is reshaped and your back braced and you look and feel younger!

More Up-Lift and Hold-in Power!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT takes weight off tired feet and gives you a more alluring, more daintily feminine, curvaceous figure the instant you put it on. It gives you lovely curves just in the right places, with no unwanted bulges in the wrong ones. It whittles your waistline to nothingness, no matter what shape you may now have. It's easily adjusted - always comfortable!

Test the ADJUST-O-BELT Up-Lift Principle with Your Own Hands!

Clasp your hands over your abdomen, press upwards and in gently but firmly. You feel better don't you! That's just what the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT does for you, only the ADJUST-O-BELT does it better. Mail Coupon and test it at home for 10 days FREE at our expense!

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The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT lifts and flattens unsightly bulges, comfortably, quickly, firmly. It readjusts easily to changes in your figure, yet no laces touch your body. It gives instant slenderizing figure control. It fashionably shapes your figure to its slimmest lines. Like magic the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT obeys your every wish. Pounds and inches seem to disappear instantly from waist, hips and thighs. You can adjust it to your slimmed down figure as your figure changes. It gives the same fit and comfort you get from a made to order costing 2 or 3 times the price. It washes like a dream.

Style: Panty and regular. Colors: Nude and white. It's made of the finest stretch material used in any girdle, with a pure satin front panel and made by the most skilled craftsmen. It's light in weight, but powerfully strong. It won't roll up, bulge or curl at the top. It gives extra-double support where you need it most. No other girdle at any price can give you better support, can make you look better, feel better or appear slimmer. Sizes 24 to 44 waist. Only \$3.98



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If the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT isn't better than any supporter you ever had, if you don't feel more comfortable, if you don't look and feel younger, if your shape isn't 100% IMPROVED, if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be refunded in full.

FREE: New amazing NYLON laces will be sent free with your order. Try them instead of your regular laces. You may keep them FREE even if you return the girdle.



You will look like and feel like this beautiful model in your new and improved Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt.

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1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Rush your new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT for \$3.98 in size and style check.

☐ Regular.

☐ Panty.

☐ C.O.D. I will pay postage, plus handling.

☐ I enclose \$3.98. You pay postage, plus handling.

CHECK SIZE: ☐ Sm. (25-26) ☐ Med. (27-28).

☐ Lg. (29-30). ☐ XL (31-32) ☐ XXL (34-36)

☐ XXXL (38-40). ☐ XXXXL (42-44)

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Address _____

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State _____

I understand if not delighted with the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT, I can return it in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

SENT ON APPROVAL!

CLEAN SLATE

Blam Bedford's six-guns roared to prove
His innocence and win his cherished prize.

BLAM BEDFORD rode toward the town of Buck Creek like a man who knew what he had come for. But dusk found him hiding out in the sage and chaparral south of town toward the Mexican border.



Sheriff Lawton at Buck Creek said that Blam was too quick on the draw to be human and that the only way he would try to get him would be with a bullet in his back. Blam was wanted in Buck Creek for two alleged infractions of the law. One was running wet cattle, supposed from Mexico. The other was for killing a man, Tracy Hicks, who claimed that Blam had cheated in a game of draw poker.

Blam denied both charges. "The cattle were wet because there had been a driving rainstorm and a flash flood had caught them in a draw. . . . And Tracy Hicks drew an ace from his coat sleeve and I drew my gun to sort of keep the kitty home where she belonged."

Blam was a long, lean, leathery, hard-bitten man who looked older than his thirty years until he smiled. Women were sort of fascinated by Blam's smile. It was as quick as his trigger-finger.

It was that rare smile that had captured the heart of Ellen Mitty, the school marm at Buck Creek. It was at her first picnic dance when Cragg Walters, big and drunk, started making advances. Then suddenly, from the side lines, a hand reached out for Cragg's coat collar and another, made into a sudden fist, cracked against his jaw.

Ellen's blue eyes had run quickly over the face and tall form of her rescuer. She had shivered a little at the sight of Blam's hard, lean face. But the next moment he had warmed her with that flashing smile and she held out her arms almost instinctively as he said, "May I finish the dance, Miss Mitty?"

He was a fine dancer and she relaxed almost instantly, looking up to say, "How did you know my name and what's yours?"

"Everybody knows that the prettiest blonde in town bears the brand of Miss Mitty. I've been

trying to get up enough courage to ask you for a dance."

She wanted to thank him for his compliment, but she said, "You haven't yet told me your name. I really shouldn't be dancing with strangers, you know."

"Name's Blam Bedford, ma'am."

"Blam? What an odd name. Has it any special significance?"

He waltzed her over to a seat 'as the music ended.

He didn't smile when he answered. "Blam is supposed to be the sound that a gun makes when it is fired. But don't go believing all that you hear about me, Miss Mitty. I never killed a man unless I had to."



She believed him, because she never saw a more honest look in any man's eyes. "Of course, you didn't," she said.

"Shall we dance again or sit it out?" he said.

"Let's sit it out," she said. "But not here."

They had walked under a crescent moon, finally holding hands until it was time to go home. She told him all about herself and how much she liked the West all but the violence. He was less communicative, but she could see in his eyes and hear in his voice the adoration and respect he felt toward her.

"If I had known a woman like you when I was twenty, things might have been different," he said.

"It's never too late to mend," she observed.

Whereupon he had caught her up in his arms and kissed her hard. After that she didn't see him for many weeks. Then his visits became more

frequent until finally he told her that he had to have her in his life.

But poor Ellen Mitty couldn't decide. While she was debating, the terrible thing happened that made Blam leave town, a fugitive from the wrath of the sheriff of Buck Creek. That was two years ago. Now she was engaged to marry Syd Weatherly, a newcomer, from back East. A respectable lawyer, he talked her language and looked and acted like the men she had been accustomed to all her life before coming West.

True, she had promised Blam Bedford that she would wait, but she hadn't heard from him since he left. She admired Syd, yet her heart still cut up didoes when she just thought about Blam!

But where was Blam? Why hadn't he written or sent some word? Was he alive at this moment?

Yes, Blam was very much alive. In fact he was listening with growing anger to a whispered conspiracy between three men right at that moment. They had come with the dusk into the hills on horseback and stopped behind a clump of chaparral right where he could not help but overhear them.

"Now, you fellows listen to me," the fat one was saying. "I can't afford to take any chances. I'm a respected lawyer in this town now. Everybody knows me here as Syd Weatherly, I'm marrying the school teacher next week. I'm also running for election as District Attorney."

"Oh, yeah?" said a tough voice with a gravelly tone. "That's not the way you talked when you left prison. 'Boys,' you said, 'I'm gettin' out before you do. But I'll not forget you. I'll be casing some sweet jobs. And when you're out of stir, look me up, and we'll open up some safes together.' Didn't he say that, Murf?"

"He sure did, Al," said a deep voice out of the darkness. "And this town is wide open. I bet all you need is a can opener for that safe in the bank!"

"Don't be so sure of that," said Al. "But Fatso, alias Syd, here, has got what it takes to open safes right on his finger tips!"

"Nix, hoys. My fingers are all out of practice, now. I couldn't open up a baby's hank these days."

"It won't be a daytime job, Fatso, it'll be tomorrow night and it won't be a baby's bank, it'll be the Buck Creek State Bank!" declared Al.

"I can't do it, I tell you. I can't," Syd Weatherly's voice took on a whine.

"Look, Fatso," Al growled, "Either you open that safe tomorrow night or the editor of your weekly rag in Buck Creek gets the low-down on you, including your real name!"

"No, no, no! You mustn't do anything like that. I'll—I'll see, I'll think it over," whined Fatso.

Blam heard Fatso groan. Then there came the sounds of horses being mounted, followed by the diminuendo of hoof beats in the night.

Ellen Mitty lived near her school on the other side of town. It was past ten o'clock when Blam knocked on her door.

"Who is it?" said a sleepy voice at last.

"It's me, Blam."

Ellen opened a small crack in the door, staring at him in unbelief.

"Blam, where have you been? Why didn't you ever write?"

"I wanted you to forget me, Ellen. I felt that I wasn't good enough for you, didn't have enough to offer you, but now I'm rich, Ellen. And I want you to come away with me."

"Blam, I couldn't leave my school in the middle of the year. Besides, I—I'm going to be married, Blam, married next week."

"Ellen, you can't marry that Syd Weatherly."

"Oh, can't I? Well, I shall," her blue eyes blazed defiantly.

"I hate to say this to you, Ellen, but Syd Weatherly is a fraud. He's an ex-con! Weatherly is not even his right name."

"Oh! I don't believe you," she sobbed and closed the door.

"I'll make you believe me," she heard him shout. "He's robbing the bank right here tomorrow night." He turned on his heel, mounted his horse and rode back to town.

Next day the sheriff of Buck Creek received a note signed "A Friend." The sheriff watched the bank from nine o'clock. About two a.m., he was ready to give up in disgust when he heard movement in the alley behind the bank. He let them enter, he even let the fat yegg open the safe, before he called out for them to stick up their hands. The only light was from two candles, but the fat man beat the sheriff to the trigger-pull. He fell back, sliding down against the wall with a bullet in his shoulder. Then the fat man started to empty his gun at the sheriff when he exclaimed, "You, Syd Weatherly!"

But the next instant a gun barked three times and the three robbers plunged headlong in their tracks. A lamp was lit then and a woman rushed into the arms of Blam Bedford, through the haze of his smoking gun. "Oh, Blam, seeing is believing!" she cried.

"You said it," gasped the sheriff extending his hand to Blam who pulled him to his feet. "You saved my life, boy. And I reckon that just about

squares everything and cleans the slate for you!"

"Thanks, Sheriff," said Blam, "but with this lady teacher's permission, I'd like to write something on my clean slate."

"If it has anything to do with marriage, the answer is yes!" said the teacher.



The escaped convicts scoffed at the old man's death-bed warning. Nothing could keep them from the hidden gold...nothing, that is, except The Laza Kid, his road pal, Pedro, and...

The GHOST of MORALES!

YA-A-H, LOOK
AT THAT
GHOST. SYD

YI-I-IE! IT'S
OLD MAN
MORALES! RUN,
MARK. RUN!

YAHH' LET ME GO,
LAZO KID, AND
YOU CAN HAVE
HALF OF THIS
GOLD!

LOOK, LAZO, THEES EES
A LETTER FROM MY, OH
SO BEAUTIFUL SEESTER!
SHE SENDS LOVE
AND SAYS I SHOULD
VISIT MY
COUSIN,
MORALES,
WHO LIVES
IN THE
COUNTRREE
HERE.

EE'S BEEG' COUNTRREE,
PEDRO, MY FRAN.
MAYBE SO WE SHOULD
ASK SOME WAN WHERE
THESE MORALES
LIVES. NO?

GENERAL
DELIVERY

HOWDY,
SHERIFF!

YOU ARE BIGGER THAN ME,
LAZO! MAYBE SO, YOU ASK
THE SHEREEF WHERE MY
COUSIN, MORALES, LIVES?

SHERIFF OF

SENIOR SHERIFF, GREETINGS! DO YOU KNOW OF A CERTAINLY WHERE ZEE FAMILY OF JUAN MORALES LIVES IN THEES PARTS?

HELLO THERE, LAZO! GLAD TO SEE YOU DOWN THIS WAY AGAIN! JUAN MORALES? LET ME SEE, I THINK HE LIVES WITH HIS DAUGHTER ABOUT THREE MILES FROM HERE!

BY THE WAY, LAZO, YOU KICK AROUND A LOT, SO TAKE A LOOK AT THESE ESCAPEO CONVICTS! IF YOU RUN ACROSS THEM, LET ME KNOW PRONTO! BUT LOOK OUT, THEY'RE KILLERS!

IT WEEEL BE A GREAT PLEASURE, SENIOR SHERIFF, TO HELP YOU UPHOLO ZEE LAW!

SI, SI, THEES MEN HAVE ZEE EVEL EYE, I THEEK! THE SAINTS WEEEL BLESS ME EEF I HELP CATCH THEES MAL HOMBRES!



"OH, ZEE EYES OF MY SENORITA ARE LIKE STARS OF FIRE... AND WHEN SHE LOOKS AT ME, ZEE FIRE, SHE GOES HIGHER..."

LOOK, YONOE, LAZO! ZEE SHEREEF, HE SAYS MY COUSIN LIE NEAR WHERE ZEE RIO GRANOE MAKE ZEE BEEG BEND, NO?



LAZO AND PEDRO WERE STARTLED TO FIND THE PEACEFUL HOME OF JUAN MORALES, THE SHEEP-HERDER, UNDER MURCEROUS ATTACK!

BLAST THAT CRAZY MORALES! WE DON'T HAVE A CHANCE! HE'S A DEADLY SHOT WITH THAT RIFLE!

SOMEBODY'S PUT HIM WISE TO US! WE'D BETTER LAY LOW UNTIL OARK BEFORE WE RISK RUSHIN' THE CAVE!



PSST! LAZO! THEES MEN LOOK LIKE ZEE CONVICTS ZEE SHEREEF SPOKE TO US ABOUT, NO? LET US MAKE 'EM PRISONER NOW!

NO, NO, PEDRO! LET US VEEEST YOUR COUSIN FIRST AND FIND OUT WHAT THEES TROUBLE EES ALL ABOUT! COME QUEEKLY!



PEDRO, MY LEETLE COUSIN! HOW DID YOU KNOW WE LIVED HERE?

MY, OH SO BEAUTIFUL, SISTER WROTE ME, COUSIN

JUANITA, THAT YOU AND YOUR FATHER HAVE A LEETLE SHEEP RANCH HERE!



AND THEES EES MY BEST FARM, THE LAZO KID! WHATEVER IS YOUR TROUBLE, HE WEEEL FEEX EET!

AH, SENOR LAZO, I HAVE MUCH HEARO OF YOU! WELCOME TO MY HUMBLE HOME!

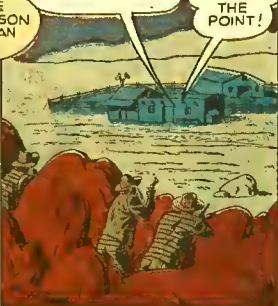


GRACIAS, SENOR MORALES! PEDRO WEEEL WATCH ZEE WINDOW WHILE YOU TELL ME .WHAT THEES FIGHTING EES ALL ABOUT!



WELL, SENOR LAZO, MY UNCLE GET IN MUCH TROUBLE AND GO TO PREESON FOR KEELING A MAN IN SELF-DEFENSE!

BUT WHAT HAS THEES TO DO WEETH ZEE CAVE, MY FRAN?



HURRY, FATHER, GET TO THE POINT!

WELL, BEFORE MY UNCLE, HE GO TO PREESON, HE ASK ME TO TAKE CARE OF HEES RANCH AND HE TELL ME NOT TO GO INTO ZEE CAVE OR LET ANYBODY ELSE GO, UNTIL HE GEEV PERMISSION!



JUST THEES MORNING I LEARN OF ZEE DIRTY TREEK THEES HOMBRES PLAY ON MY UNCLE, PHILIP MORALES AS ZEE POOR OLD MAN LAY ON HEES DEATHBED IN PREESON!



EES THAT YOU, JUAN, MY DEAR NEPHEW?

YES, UNCLE PHILIP THEES IS JUAN, YOUR NEPHEW!

THE OLO GOATS SO FAR GONE, HE CAN'T SPOT BRAGG AS A PHONEY!

COME CLOSER, JUAN, I'M DYING, I WANT YOU TO HAVE MY SHEEP FARM ON WHICH YOU NOW LIVE AND THE GOLD I HAVE HIDDEN AWAY IN THAT OLD CAVE!



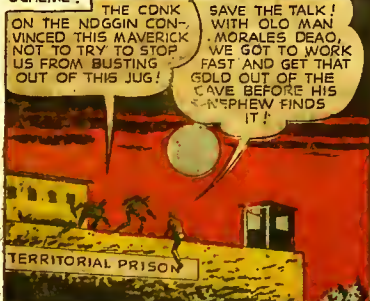
AHA! JUST AS I THOUGHT, HE DOES HAVE A SODCKFULL CACHED AWAY!

HALF OF THAT GOLD BELONGS TO THE WIFE AND CHILDREN OF MY MINING PARTNER I KILLED, THE OTHER HALF IS YOURS, BUT MAKE SURE THE OTHERS GET THEIRS OR I'LL HAUNT YOU!



SURE, SURE, UNCLE! I SURE WILL!

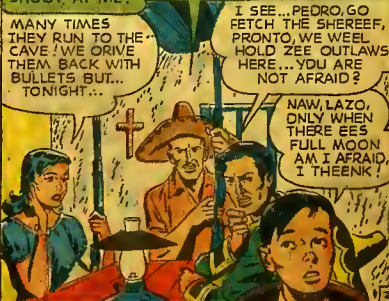
UNCLE PHILIP DIED! ZEE SAME NIGHT BRAGG AND HIS CRONIES LAUNCHED THEIR DESPERATE SCHEME!



ON THE NODGGIN CON- VINCED THIS MAVERICK NOT TO TRY TO STOP US FROM BUSTING OUT OF THIS JUG!

SAVE THE TALK! WITH OLO MAN MORALES DEAO, WE GOT TO WORK FAST AND GET THAT GOLD OUT OF THE CAVE BEFORE HIS NEPHEW FINDS IT!

SO WHEN THEES CONVICTS TRY TO GO INTO ZEE CAVE AND I TELL THEM TO STOP, THEY BEGEEEN TO SHOOT, AT ME!



MANY TIMES THEY RUN TO THE CAVE I'VE DRIVE THEM BACK WITH BULLETS BUT... TONIGHT...

I SEE... PEDRO, GO FETCH THE SHEREFF, PRONTO, WE GOT TO HOLD ZEE OUTLAWS HERE... YOU ARE NOT AFRAID?

NAW, LAZO, ONLY WHEN THERE EES FULL MOON AM I AFRAID, I THEENK!

TERRITORIAL PRISON

PEDRO TAKES A SHORT CUT
TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

HURREE, BILLEE, YOU SON OF A
NANNEE! EVIL WHEEL CATCH US
IF ZEE MOON COMES UP
BEFORE WE GET TO THE
SHEREEF!

BAAAA!
BAAAA!



HEY, SENOR SHEREEF,
IT EES MOST LUCKY
I HAVE FOUND YOU
IN TIME! LAZO SAYS
YOU PLEASE COME
QUEEK, HE HAS
FOUND ZEE
ESCAPED CONVICTS
DN ZEE RANCH
OF MY COUSIN!



WELL, GOOD
FOR HIM!
LAZO SURE
IS A FAST
WORKER!

YOU START BACK,
PEDRO! I'LL OVER-
TAKE YOU ON THE
SHORT CUT, AS
SOON AS I
ROUND UP
A POSSE!

ADIOS,
SENOR
SHEREEF,
BUT
PLEASE YOU
CATCH UP WITH
ME BEFORE THE
FULL MOON SHE
'S UP!



AS NIGHT FALLS, BRAGG AND HIS MEN PLOT THEIR
STRATEGY...

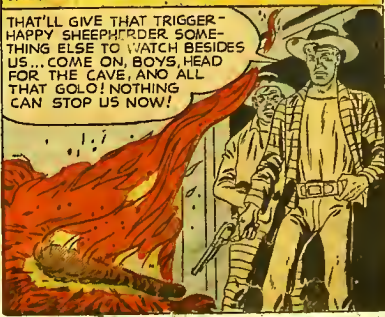
I'M IN FAVOR
OF MAKING
A RUN FOR THE
CAVE BEFORE
THE MOON
GETS ANY
HIGHER,
BRAGG!

NAW, THAT'S NO GOOD! WE'LL
SET FIRE TO THEIR WOODEN
BARN! IT'LL DISTRACT THEIR
ATTENTION, AND
GIVE US A CHANCE
TO SNAG THE
GOLD WITHOUT
TROUBLE! COME
ON!



AN HOUR LATER, THE DESPERADOES TURNED THE
UNGUARDED BARN INTO A BLAZING INFERNO!

THAT'LL GIVE THAT TRIGGER-
HAPPY SHEEPHERD SOMETHING
ELSE TO WATCH BESIDES
US... COME ON, BOYS, HEAD
FOR THE CAVE, AND ALL
THAT GOLD! NOTHING
CAN STOP US NOW!



THE LIGHT THAT LIES EEN
MY SWEETHEART'S EYES...
EES ALL THE LIGHT I
NEED...



DIABLE! EET EESE TOO
QUIET OUT THERE, SOME
GREAT MISCHIEF EES
AFODT, LAZO! I BET MY
ARM ON EET!

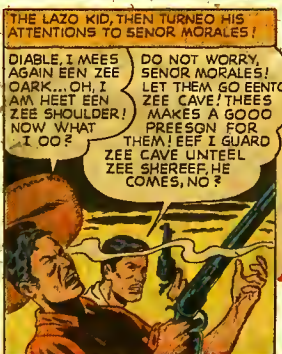
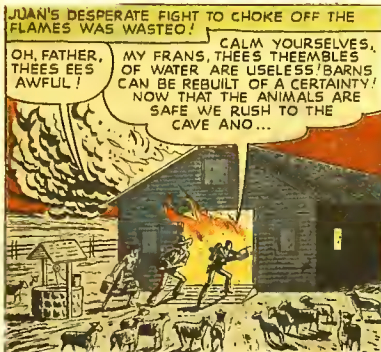


EET EES AS
I THOUGHT
THEY HAVE
SET FIRE TO
MY BARN!

OH, FATHER,
I MUS
RESCUE MY
PET LAMB!

HURRY MY FRANS!
MAYBE WE CAN
SAVE ZEE SHEEP
BEFORE EET
EES TOO LATE!





AS LAZO STOLE STEALTHILY TOWARD THE CAVE, PEDRO, A VICTIM OF HIS OWN IMAGINATION, RUSHED MADLY TO REJOIN HIS FRIEND!

FASTER, FASTER BILLEE! THEES FOREST EES HAUNTED, I THEENK! OOH... SHE'S UNDER ZEE SPELL OF ZEE TREACHEROUS FULL MOON, NO?



LAZO, MY FRAN, YOU WEEL SAVE ME, NO? I SEE MANY BEEG GHOSTS IN ZEE FOREST AND...

SHHH, PEDRO, SHHHH!

THERE'S THE ROCK OLD MAN MORALES DESCRIBED! HELP I'VE MOVE IT! THE GOLD'S BURIED UNDER IT!



LOOK, LOOK! WE'VE STRUCK IT RICH! IT'S OURS... ALL OURS!

DON'T FORGET HIS PARTNER'S FAMILY! MORALES THREATENED TO HAUNT US IF WE DIDN'T SPLIT THE DUST!

YOU'RE PLUMB LOCO IF YOU BELIEVE THAT NONSENSE! WE'RE TAKING IT ALL! GO ON, GRAB THE REST OF IT!



THE CONVICTS' FEARS GIVE LAZO AN IDEA...

OH, LAZO, HAD I KNOWN THEES SKELETON OF ZEE FOREST WAS EEN MY CART, I WOULD HAVE LOST ALL MY WEETS!

AND NOW, LEETLE RABBIT, HAND ME THAT TENT CLOTH FROM ZEE GOAT CART! I FEEK A BEEG SURPRISE FOR THEES HOMBRES!



YOU GUYS GOT EVERY SACK OF THAT GOLD? OKAY, LET'S GO!

WE'LL REGRET THIS, BRAGG, IT'S BAD MEDICINE TO DEFY THE DEAD!

SHUT UP! YOU'RE MAKING ME JUMPY WITH YOUR BLASTED GHOST TALK!



SWEEG EET GENTLY, PEDRO, UNTEEL I TELL YOU TO JERK EET UP! EET WEEL HELP DETAIN THEES GENTLEMEN UNTEEL ZEE SHEREEF, HE COMES!

SI, SI, LAZO, BUT MY KNEES ARE KNOCKING! THEES EES FIRST TIME I EVER SWEENG A GHOST!



YAAHH WHAT DID I TELL YUH BRAGG?

IT'S THE GHOST OF OLD MAN MORALES! LET ME OUTTA HERE!



WHO'S AFRAID OF THE GHOST OF OLO MORALES? I'LL SHOW YOU COWARDS WHAT A CONK ON THE HEAD WILL DO TO THIS GHOST!

DON'T OO IT, BRAGG, OON'T OO IT!



OIO YA SEE THAT? I'M LEAVING HALF THE GOLD DUST LIKE OLD MAN MORALES ORDERED WHEN HE OIED!

ME, TOO! I'M NOT HANKERIN' TO MIX IT UP WITH THAT GHOST!

COME ON GUYS, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! WE CAN JUMP OFF THIS CLIFF, WAOE ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE AND BE IN MEXICO IN TEN MINUTES!



LET ME GO, LET ME GO!

SORRY SENOR, BUT YOU STEEL HAVE A LEEETLE BUSINESS WITH ZEE SHEREEF!



IT... IT TALKS! AND IT'S GOT BRAGG! I'M LEAVING... PRONTO!

ME, TOO! IF IT WERE HUMAN, I'O STICK AROUND AND SHOOT IT OUT! BUT I CAN'T FIGHT THE SUPERNATURAL!



HEY, SYO, WHAT HAPPENED? WE'RE FLYIN'!

THE GHOST NABBED US! WE'RE... WE'RE GONERS!



GOOD WORK, LAZO. I CAME AS FAST AS I COULDO, BUT I SEE YOU'VE GOT THESE HOMBRES ALL HOGTIEO AND BRANDED FOR ME!



SI, SENOR SHEREEF, THREE OF A KINO, AND SENOR MORALES, HERE EES PLENTY OF GOLD FOR YOU AND ZEE SENORITA TO BUILO BACK YOUR BARN AND BUY MANY FLOCKS OF SHEEP!

GRACIAS, LAZO! YOU AND PEORO MUST STAY WITH US AWHILE!

LAZO, YOU ARE SO WONDERFUL!



GOOO NIGHT, LAZO! THEES CLEAN BEO EES MUCH BETTER THAN ZEE HARD-HEARTED GROUND, BUT WHAT WEE! WE HAVE FOR TO EAT TOMORROW?

YOU HAVE VEREE BEEG STOMACH, MY LEEETLE FRAN, BUT OUT EEN ZEE BARN EES MUCH BARBECUED SHEEP, GOOD FOR TO EAT EEF FIRST YOU CUT OFF ZEE WOOL!



Reducing Specialist Says:



"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

LOSE WEIGHT

where it shows most

REDUCE

most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER

DOCTORS PROVE BY ACTUAL TEST THAT THIS EASY TO USE SPOT REDUCER HELPS LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES WHERE IT SHOWS MOST. Yes... Doctors say that this method of reducing will help you lose weight easily, pleasantly, safely. Nothing internal to take, no pills, laxatives or harmful drugs. Just think of it you can lose weight in SPOTS, just in the places it shows most. All you do is follow the instructions of this amazing, new, scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER.

HOW SPOT REDUCER WORKS. The Spot Reducer uses the age old principle of massage. It breaks down excess fatty tissue, tones the muscles, and flushes and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat economically, simply, pleasantly. In a recent Medical Book, edited by the chairman and two other members of Council on Physical Therapy of AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, the following is stated on page 34, Chapter 18, Vol. 3: "Beyond all question something can be done by massage to reduce local deposits of FAT... There can however, be no question that massage applied to the region of the HIPS can and does, reduce the amount of fatty deposits in this region". This book is a reliable unbiased source of information and many doctors refer to it for the last word in Physical Therapy. This prompted us to develop and have doctors test the SPOT REDUCER.

HERE IS PROOF POSITIVE THAT THE SPOT REDUCER WORKS!

In recent tests made by outstanding licensed Medical Doctors on more than 100 people with the use of Spot Reducer everyone lost pounds and inches in a few short weeks, in HIPS, ABDOMEN, THIGHS, ARMS, BUTTOCKS, etc. And the users say: "IT WAS FUN AND THEY ENJOYED IT." The Spot Reducer worked as well on men as it did on women. The Spot Reducer way controls weight, once down to normal it helps retain your new "SLIM FIGURE" as long as you like. Look and feel better, see bulges disappear within the first weeks. The beauty of this scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. Thousands have lost weight this way in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method, used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in the privacy of your own room in your spare time.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.

MAIL COUPON NOW!

The "Spot Reducer" Co., Dept. #162
871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once, for \$2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

Name

Address

City State

FREE

A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Creams will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

Mrs. Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

ON YOUR WAY, EGBERT! THOSE
SYNDICATE COWPOKES LOOK
LIKE THEY NEED A DOCTOR
NOW!

VERY GOOD, SIR,
BUT ISN'T IT A
TRIFLE HAZARDOUS
TO PRACTICE MEDICINE
WITHOUT A LICENSE,
SIR?

THE BLACK BULL

OW! THIS BELLYACHE'S
WORSE THAN BULLETS!

YOU SAID IT!
OOH! I FEEL
LIKE MY INNARDS
ARE CROPPING
OUT!

REFUSING TO SELL HIS RANCH TO THE
CATTLE SYNDICATE OLO CORNELIUS
DARCY FINOS HIS WATER HOLE POISONED
AND LETHAL RANGE WAR LOOKS UNTIL
BLACK BULL AND EGBERT, THE BUTLER,
GIVE THE SYNDICATE A STIFF DOSE
OF IT'S OWN MEDICINE IN..

THE POISONED WATER HOLE!

THIS IS OUR LAST WARNING.
MR. DARCY, EITHER YOU SELL
OUT TO THE CASHMERE CATTLE
SYNDICATE, OR WE'RE TAKING
OVER THAT SPRING WELL
WHICH BY RIGHTS SHOULD
BE ON OUR SIDE
OF THE FENCE!

AND THIS IS THE TENTH
TIME, LORTON, I'VE TOLO
YOU THAT THE TRIPPLE
XXX IS NOT FOR SALE
AT ANY PRICE... AND
THAT WELL IS MINE!

OKAY, DARCY, YOU ASKED
FOR IT! BY THE TIME THE
MIGHTY CASHMERE
CATTLE SYNDICATE
GETS THROUGH WITH
YOU, YOU'LL LOOK LIKE
A HAMBURGER!

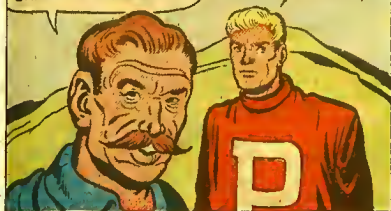
YOU TOUCH
ANY OF MY
CATTLE OR
THAT FENCE
OR MY WELL,
LORTON, AND
YOU AND
YOUR OUTFIT'LL BE
HAVING BULLETS
FOR BREAKFAST!

ATTA BOY,
PATER!
THINGS
HAVE
BEEN
PRETTY
DULL
AROUND
HERE...
HO HUM!



DALE, THERE'S TROUBLE BREWING WITH THAT SYNDICATE OUTFIT! AND WE'VE GOT TO PLAN OUR STRATEGY NOW! I THINK FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS WE'D BETTER ROUNO UP OUR HERDS AND KEEP THEM IN OUR BIG CORRAL UNTIL WE SEE WHAT THAT SYNDICATE OUTFIT'S UP TO!

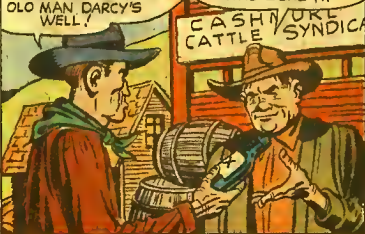
RIGHT AS RAIN, PATER! THAT SYNDICATE OUTFIT WON'T STOP AT NOTHING! THEY'VE ALREADY RUN A HALF DOZEN RANCHERS, WHO REFUSED TO SELL, OUT OF THE COUNTRY!



MEANWHILE, ON THE SYNDICATE RANCH, LORTON PLOTS WITH HUMPERT...

NOW, WHILE I GO TO TOWN TONIGHT AND GET SOME MORE AMMUNITION, HUMPERT, YOU POUR THIS WHOLE BOTTLE INTO OLD MAN DARCY'S WELL!

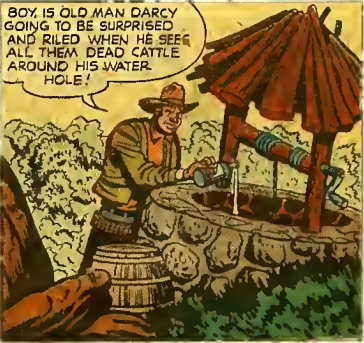
I GETCHA, LORTON. THE POISON'LL SEEP FROM THE SPRING TO THE WATER HOLE, AND HE'LL NEVER KNOW WHO DONE IT!



THEY AIN'T NOBODY SEEN ME WITH THIS POISON SO FAR, BUT I'M GETTIN' TIRED OF ALWAYS BEING PICKED BY LORTON TO DO THE DIRTY WORK FOR THIS SYNDICATE OUTFIT!



BOY, IS OLD MAN DARCY GOING TO BE SURPRISED AND RILED WHEN HE SEES ALL THEM DEAD CATTLE AROUND HIS WATER HOLE!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER ...

WELL, MR. DARCY, CARRYING WATER FROM THAT OTHER WELL TO ALL THESE CATTLE IS MIGHTY IRKSOME, BUT THE SYNDICATE HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO RUSTLE OR KILL ANY OF OUR CATTLE!

BAH! THEY'RE JUST A BIG BUNCH OF BULLIES. STAND UP TO THEM, CALL THEIR BLUFF AND THEY SHOW YELLOW CLEAN THROUGH. MIGHT AS WELL TURN OUR HERDS OUT TO GRAZE AGAIN, LANCE!



BUT OLD CORNELIUS, ACTING ON A HUNCH, RODE DOWN TO SEE HIS WATER HOLE ...

JUST LOOK AT THAT DEAD COYOTE, MR. DARCY! THAT WATER HOLE'S BEEN POISONED!

HANGIN'S TOO GOOD FOR VARMINTS THAT WOULD POISON WATER FOR CATTLE... RIDE BACK QUICK, LANCE, AND ROUSE ALL HANDS TO HELP STOP OUR HERDS FROM COMING TO THIS WATER!



HURRY YOU WADOIES, AND HELP ME
TURN THEM CATTLE BACK INTO THE
CORRAL! THE
WATER HOLE'S
BEEN
POISONED!



BUT THE CATTLE, THIRSTY FOR WATER, BEGIN STAM-
PEDING TOWARD THE WATER HOLE...



RESCUED
IN THE
NICK OF
TIME
FROM
THE
MILLING
CATTLE,
OLD
CORNELIUS
AND
HIS RED
UNDERWEAR
TURN
THE HERD
BACK
TO THE
CORRAL!



TOO BAO YOU LOST YOUR
PANTS, SIR, BUT THEM RED
LONGIES SURE SAVED THE
HERD FROM THAT POISONED
WATER!

BY WHOPPERS, LANCE!
THIS MEANS WAR WITH
THAT CATTLE SYNDICATE!
ARM ALL HANDS!
NOTIFY THE SHERIFF!
WHERE'S THAT GOOD FOR
NOTHING SON OF MINE?

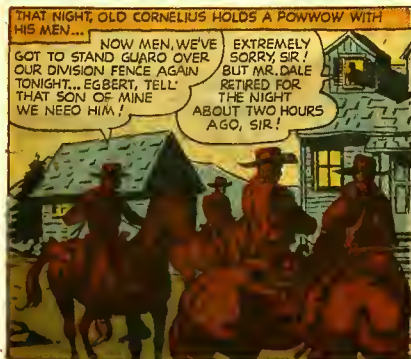
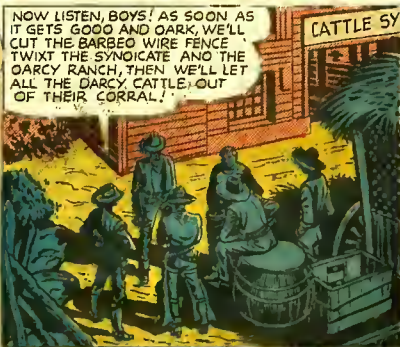


DID YOU
SEND FOR
ME, PATER?

THAT'S RIGHT, YOU
LOAFER... WHILE YOU
WERE ASLEEP MY
WATER HOLE WAS
POISONED! I NEARLY
LOST ALL MY CATTLE
AND I LOST MY PANTS..
WHY YOU...

BEG PARDON,
SIR, BUT SHALL
I SERVE YOU
YOUR TROUSERS
NOW OR AT
THE END OF
THE MEAL?

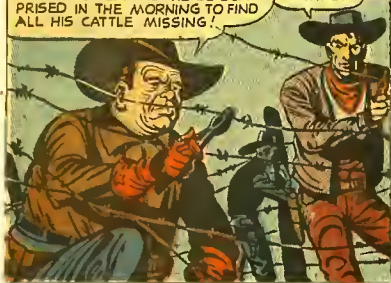




MEANWHILE, LORTON AND HIS MEN CUT OUT A BIG GAP IN THE DIVISION FENCE...

GOSH! OL' MAN DARCY'S PROBABLY SOUND ASLEEP! WILL HE BE SURPRISED IN THE MORNING TO FIND ALL HIS CATTLE MISSING!

QUIT YAPPING, AND CUT THIS WIRE!



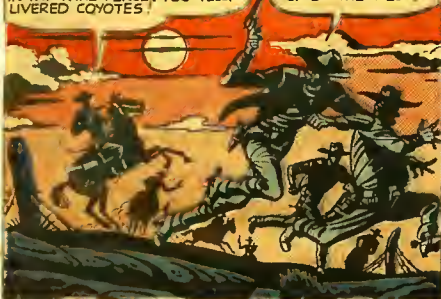
HEY! YOU SYNOICATE SIDEWINDERS, JUST WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' ON MY LAND AND WHERE ARE YOU HEADIN'?

WHY, HELLO, MR. DARCY! I WAS JUST COMING OVER TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH YOU, NEIGHBORLY, YOU KNOW!



YEAH THAT'S MIGHTY NEIGHBORLY LIKE, CUTTIN' A FIFTY FOOT GAP IN MY WIRE FENCE! YOU YELLA-LIVERED COYOTES!

TAKE COVER, BOYS, BEHIND THEM ROCKS UP BY THE WELL!



HERE YOU ARE, MR. DALE! YOU SAID TO WAKE YOU UP IF I HEARD THE SOUNDS OF GUN FIRE, SIR!

JUST AS I THOUGHT, EGBERT, THE FOOLS WILL SHOOT EACH OTHER TO DEATH..

SO YOU AND I WILL HAVE TO SAVE THEM WITH A LITTLE STRONG MEDICINE!

**BANG!
POW!
BAM!**



NOW, YOU WAIT HERE, EGBERT, UNTIL I GET BACK!

HAVE NO FEAR, SIR! I VASTLY PREFER THE SIDELINES IN THE PITCHED BATTLE THAT SEEMS TO BE GOING ON DOWN YONDER!



DETOURING TO THE HANDPUMP WELL NEAR THE SYNDICATE RANCH HOUSE, THE BLACK BULL EMP-TIES A BOTTLE OF EPSOM SALTS INTO THE WATER...

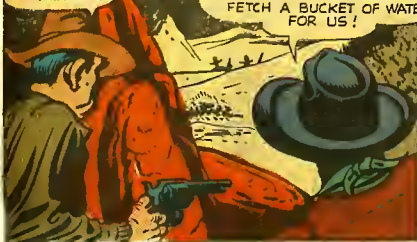
THERE, THAT OUGHT TO TAKE THEIR MINDS OFF THE FIGHTING!



THE TRIPLE XXX OUTFIT AND THE CATTLE SYNDICATE BOYS
HAVE FOUGHT THEMSELVES TO A STANDSTILL...

WE AIN'T GETTIN' NOWHERE'S
THIS WAY, LORTON, AND NOW
THE MOON'S GOIN' BEHIND
A CLOUD... GOSH, I'M
THIRSTY!

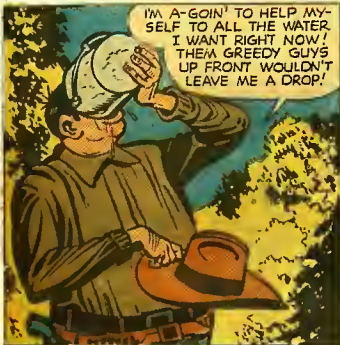
OKAY BOYS, STOP WASTIN'
AMMUNITION, HOLD YORE
FIRE UNTIL DAYLIGHT...
HUMPERT, YOU GO BACK
TO THE RANCH HOUSE AND
FETCH A BUCKET OF WATER
FOR US!



IT'S HUMPERT DO THIS AND HUMPERT
DO THAT... LORTON MAKES ME SICK!
ALWAYS PICKING ON ME FOR THE
HARD WORK!



I'M A-GOIN' TO HELP MYSELF
TO ALL THE WATER.
I WANT RIGHT NOW!
THEM GREEDY GUYS
UP FRONT WOULDN'T
LEAVE ME A DROP!



THERE YOU ARE, EGBERT! I
PHONED THE SHERIFF THAT
THE FIGHTING HAS STARTED
ALL OVER AGAIN AND HE'S
ON HIS WAY WITH A POSSE!

BUT SUPPOSE, SIR, THAT
THE SHERIFF SHOULD DEMAND
TO INSPECT MY
MEDICAL LICENSE, SIR?
RATHER AWKWARD,
WHAT?



GET GOING, DR. EGBERTO,
AND DO YOUR STUFF, AND
DON'T FORGET ALL I TOLD
YOU... ALL THE SHERIFF
CAN DO IS MAKE YOU
STOP PRACTICING MEDICINE!
YOU'D LIKE THAT, WOULDN'T
YOU?

INDEED, SIR, IT WOULD
BE A VAST RELIEF TO
ONE WHO HAS
NEVER HAD BEEN
A VALET TO A
DOCTOR!



HAVING DRUNK THEIR FILL OF WATER, LORTON AND
HIS MEN BEGIN TO HAVE QUEER SENSATIONS IN
THEIR STOMACHS...

OOH! JUMPIN' GOPHERS.
WHAT'S GOIN' ON
INSIDE O' ME?

OW! I
WISH I
WAS DEAD!

OOOOH!
OOH!



BLACK BULL MEETS THE SHERIFF AND HIS POSSE ON THE TRAIL...

HOWDY, SHERIFF?

AH! MY OLD FRIEND BLACK BULL! SAY, AMIGO, IF I HAD KNOWN YOU WERE AROUND TO HELP, I WOULDN'T HAVE LOST TIME RAISIN' A POSSE!



THANK YOU SHERIFF, BUT IF MY PLANS AND YOURS WORK OUT, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO OVERHEAR A CONFESSION PRETTY SOON THAT WILL PUT THAT CATTLE SYNDICATE BEHIND BARS WHERE THEY BELONG... THEY'RE ALL OVER THERE!

GRACIAS, BLACK BULL, BUT I'D BETTER COOL OFF THAT HOT-HEADED OLD DARCY FIRST BEFORE HE GETS SHOT... COME ON MEN!

BANG! BANG!



DR. EGGBERT ARRIVES IN THE CAMP OF THE CATTLE SYNOICATE...

QUICK OOC. YOU'RE THE ANSWER TO A SICK MAN'S PRAYER. GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR A BELLYACHE!

TUT, TUT! GENTLEMEN, I HAVE JUST THE CURE. FOR WHAT AILS YOU!



WELL, SHERIFF, IT'S HIGH TIME YOU GOT HERE! A RANCHER COULD BE SHOT OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME AND ALL HIS CATTLE STOLEN OR POISONED BY THE TIME YOU GET ON THE JOB!

CALM DOWN, CORNELIUS, I'M TAKING OVER HERE, AND I WANT YOU TO HOLD YOUR FIRE AND STAY OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL I HAVE A SHOWDOWN WITH THIS SYNDICATE OUTFIT!



LATER...

YOU AND YOUR MEN KEEP VERY QUIET, SHERIFF, WHILE THE DOCTOR DOWN THERE WORKS ON THE SYNDICATE GANG... AND DON'T SCARE THE DOG, SHERIFF, HE'S MY ASSISTANT! I PLANTED HIM THERE!

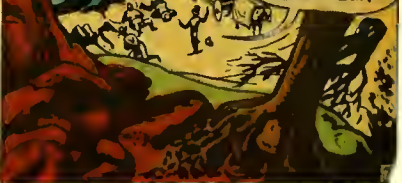
WHATEVER YOU SAY, BLACK BULL!



HOW COULD OUR OWN HANDPUMP WELL OVER BY OUR RANCH HOUSE GET CONTAMINATED?

YEAH, DOC! AND MAKE IT SNAPPY. I'M DYIN'!

LISTEN CLOSELY THIS TIME GENTLEMEN, I'LL EXPLAIN IT ALL OVER AGAIN! NOW, IF ANY OTHER WELL IN THE VICINITY HAS BEEN ER... CONTAMINATED, THE ERU... POISON, SHALL WE SAY, MIGHT GET INTO AN UNDERGROUND STREAM AND CROP UP IN YOUR WELL!



DAY OF JUDGE-
MENT, WHAT CAN
YOU GIVE US,
DOC, QUICK—
LIKE TO KEEP
US FROM
DYING?

I'M SORRY, GENTLEMEN, BUT UNTIL
I KNOW THE IDENTITY OF THE
POISON, I CANNOT PRESCRIBE! IT
WOULD NOT BE ETHICAL FOR ME
TO DO SO!



FOR EXAMPLE GENTLEMEN, IN MY LEFT HAND
I HOLD ANTIDOTE NO. 1, WHICH IS A SURE
CURE FOR ALL POISON
EXCEPT STRYCHNINE... BUT
I HAVE NOT COLDLY LEFT
THE HUMAN RACE TO DIE
FOR IN MY RIGHT
HAND IS ANTIDOTE
NO. 2, FOR STRY-
CHNINE!



YOU GOTTA LET ME TELL
THE DOC THAT IT WAS
STRYCHNINE POISON WE
USED, LORTON! QUICK,
BEFORE WE DIE!

KEEP QUIET, HUMPERT,
YOU COWARD, OR I'LL
GIVE YOU LEAD POISON!



YAHHH! I'M NOT
GOIN' TO BE THE
GOAT ANY LONGER!
QUICK, DOC... IT
WAS...

ALL RIGHT, HUMPERT, YOU
ASKED FOR IT! PAY NO AT-
TENTION TO HIM, DOC, THE
FOOL'S OUT OF HIS HEAD...
MUSTA BEEN EATIN'
I.C.C.O. WEED!



IT'S OKAY, SHERIFF WE
CAN'T LET LORTON
KILL OUR BEST
WITNESS, CAN
WE?

NICE SHOOTIN'! BLACK
BULL, JUST IN THE
NICK OF TIME!



WHAT TH'... IT'S
BLACK BULL!





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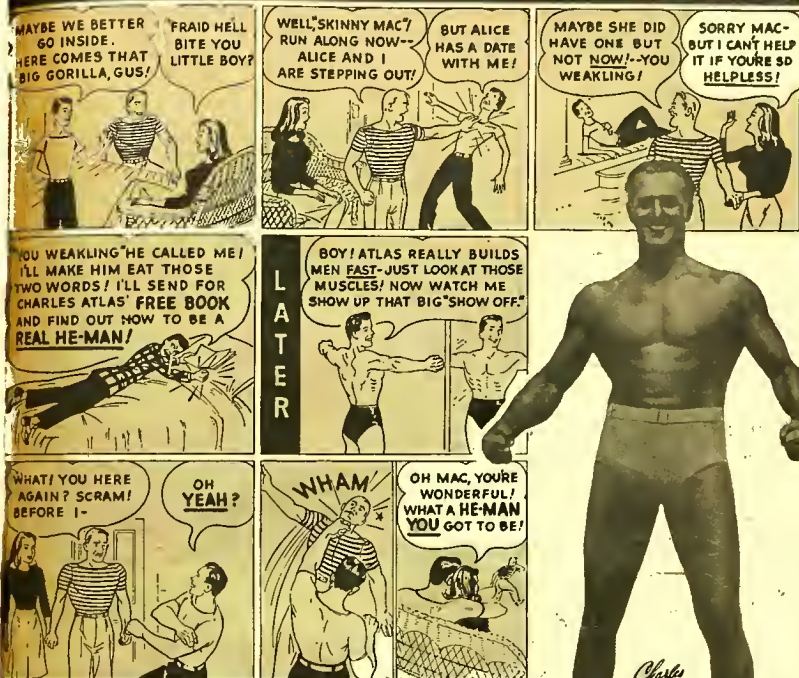
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